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# The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

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**OK**  
SAUCE  
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Family Bottle Now 6d.

No. 2,168.

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LONDON, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1923.

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Two Pence.

## SUMMER-TIME SPORT SNOWED UNDER.

### MAY CAUGHT BY ARCTIC SNAP.

#### HEAVY STORMS THREATEN THE COUNTRY'S CROPS.

#### CYCLONE IN FRANCE.

#### WIDE AREAS DEVASTATED AS IF BY WAR VISITATION.

*Cruel tricks were played by the weather in every corner of the British Isles yesterday, when meteorological conditions afforded the sharpest possible of contrasts to the summer sunshine of the preceding week-end.*

*Snow, hail and sleet visited all parts of the country, and were a severe handicap on the numerous first-class sporting events, including the Golf Championship at Deal, which was played out through a series of blizzards. Cricket, too, was badly interrupted.*

*Crops are being endangered by the cold snap, and freak thunderstorms caused damage in many parts of the country.*

Slightly warmer weather—though still cold—with showers of rain or hail and probable thunder is the official forecast for to-day.

There is, however, a hint of a return to seasonably genial conditions, at least, before very long.

"It may be May," said one of London's shivering millions, as he emerged from the subterranean warmth of a tube station yesterday, "but it might be December."

Nowhere were the vagaries of the weather more in evidence—or more keenly felt—than in the metropolis.

To a bitter morning succeeded a noon of deceitful promise, and for two brief hours there were pleasing anticipations of afternoon tennis or a basket at the Oval.

It did not take the Clerk of the Weather long to dispel these too cheery illusions. By four o'clock everything was staged for his chilliest display, and down came the snow.

It was such snow as we have not seen in London for many a year. There were genuinely large flakes such as would have done credit to any theatrical production, and the amazed Londoners made a general dash for shelter.

But one snowstorm does not make a winter, and after a few minutes the white flakes gave place to rain—a great disappointment to small boys looking forward to snowballing and other winter delights; and then, while everyone wondered—the sun shone again.

#### FREAK STORMS.

Freak thunderstorms, in some instances of phenomenal violence, occurred in widely separated areas.

Terror was caused to inhabitants of Aberystwyth by an appalling clap of thunder in the dead of night, houses being violently shaken by the concussion.

A farmhouse at Brynhyfryd, was struck by a thunderbolt, Mrs. Garner, the wife of the occupant, receiving a severe laceration on the head from broken glass.

The house was rendered uninhabitable owing to the damage done to the gas-fittings, and the whole family had to leave in a pitiless storm of hail for neighbouring cottages.

At Belmont, Surrey, a house in King's-road, occupied by Mr. Carpenter, was struck by the only flash of lightning which occurred during a severe hailstorm, the chimney-stack being demolished.

An outbreak of fire which followed was extinguished by the hail.

Lightning struck a large house in Springfield-road, Wallington, occupied by Mr. Haswell, and brought down the eeling in four rooms on the top floor.

#### SPORT "CASUALTIES."

Perhaps the most serious of the sports "casualties" caused by yesterday's wintry lapse was the Surrey v. Hunts match at the Oval, which after struggling on through one or two miniature blizzards finally succumbed to a heavy fall of snow-cum-rain shortly after four o'clock.

Play at Bradford was also interrupted by a heavy snowstorm, while rain, sleet, or hail—or a mixture of all three—marred sport at Leyton, Northampton, Oxford, Cambridge, Cardiff and Leicester.

Two days of slashing hailstorms, which swept across West Lancashire, culminating yesterday in particularly heavy visitations, have played havoc with early potatoes and cereals, the

young shoots of the former having been razed as by a scythe.

Snow fell heavily over North Wales yesterday, and sheep and lambs had to be brought in from the upland pastures.

Hail and snowstorms, sweeping in before a fierce easterly wind, did serious damage to crops in the Peak district of Derbyshire.

Hundreds of acres of potatoes and thousands of fruit trees have been ruined by violent snow and sleet in Leicestershire.

Taking shelter underneath an old oak tree during the thunderstorm at Hadlow, near Tonbridge, last night, Miss Johnson, of Leybourne Wood, Borough Green, was struck by lightning. The tree was splintered and the woman was badly injured.

The mixed weather experienced by the resorts is clearly shown below:

Hours of sun.	Weather.
Southend .....	Sleet.
Glasgow .....	Shower.
Margate .....	Shower.
Hamble .....	Hail.
Bournemouth .....	Thunder and hail.
Brighton .....	Shower.
Littlehampton .....	Hail.
Bournemouth .....	Slight shower.
Weymouth .....	Fair to dull.
Leamington .....	Snow.
Yarmouth .....	Thunder and hail.
Lowestoft .....	Hail.
Southsea .....	Thunder and sleet.
Weymouth .....	Sleet showers.
Weymouth .....	Slight hail.

#### HAVOC IN FRANCE.

**CYCLONE RAZES VILLAGES TO THE GROUND.**

Reports of storm havoc were received yesterday from all over France (says a Reuter message), even Paris having suffered.

For twenty-four hours the Eiffel Tower wireless station was out of action, one of the aerials having been struck by lightning, the damage being so considerable that repairs were difficult.

Such an accident has never happened before.

The district around Rennes and Domfront has been devastated by a cyclone which, though lasting only half an hour, was the most violent storm which has occurred in the region within the memory of man. The country now looks as if it were part of the former battlefield.

The damage at Domfront is estimated at more than a million francs; while fifty thousand trees have been rooted up or broken in the forest of Andaines. The walled level-crossing keeper at Arban was literally blown out of her house when the storm carried the roof away, and was injured.

Languenne, a small hamlet, no longer exists, every house having been razed by the storm.

A whole village was also destroyed at la Sauvagerie.

At Dieppe and Cherbourg streets and houses were flooded by the torrential rain. Lightning struck a number of buildings in Cherbourg, fortunately causing little damage.

#### DISABLED LINER.

**1,000 Emigrants Transferred during a Blinding Squall.**

The transferring of the thousand odd Scottish and English emigrants from the disabled liner Mount Laurier to the C.P.R. liner Marburn was carried out successfully in the Carrickfergus Roads in Belfast Lough yesterday.

The work was done in a blinding squall of snow and hail by the Belfast Harbour Board's tug, the liners lying close to one another.

The Marburn also carried the Prince of Wales's pedigree horses to Canada.

**BISCUIT MAKER'S £536,794.**

The late Mr. Wm. Howard Palmer, chairman of Huntley and Palmer, the biscuit manufacturers, who died at the age of 57, left a fortune of £536,794. His bequests included £3,000 to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, £1,000 to the firm's benevolent fund, and various sums to servants.



A fair yachting enthusiast hoisting the mainsail during yesterday's racing at Burtton.

### ROMANCE OF EARL'S DAUGHTER.

#### "RADIO" BRIDEGROOM.

#### SEQUEL TO INDIAN VOYAGE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Glasgow, Saturday.

The romance of an Earl's daughter and a young wireless operator whom she met on board a P. and O. liner had the conventional happy ending at Shotts, a mining district on the borders of Lanarkshire and Midlothian, to-day when the nuptial mass of Lady Pleasance, Elizabeth Rous, and Mr. Owen McKenna was celebrated in the local Roman Catholic church.

Lady Pleasance, who is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Stradbroke, Governor of Victoria, made the acquaintance of her future husband, who is a native of Shotts, while on a voyage to India.

The acquaintance developed, and in order to comply with the law Lady Pleasance, who was not a domiciled Scotswoman, completed three weeks' residence in the little mining hamlet.

After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. John McAllister, the couple left for a honeymoon trip to Ireland.

The bride's age is given in Debreit as 24.

#### MONOCLED HERO.

**STOPS RUNAWAY AND REFUSES TO GIVE HIS NAME.**

A smartly-dressed man, wearing a tortoiseshell monocle and carrying a gold-mounted stick, pluckily stopped a runaway horse at Victoria Station yesterday afternoon. The horse, which was drawing a laundry van, took fright at the traffic and dashed across the road in the direction of an approaching taxi.

The man rushed forward, seized the horse's head, and pulled it round just in time to prevent collision with the taxi.

The man refused to give his name and address to the police, who were anxious to record his plucky conduct.

#### SWEEPSTAKE RISKS.

**Warning to Unionist Club Officials.**

Presiding at a conference of clubs at Manchester yesterday, Sir Herbert Neill, Chairman of the Association of Conservative and Unionist Clubs, warned the conference against the risks associated with club sweepstakes, and advised them to confine the sweepstakes to members.

He asked the delegates to see that the club members did nothing to suggest the view that the clubs were centres of betting and card-playing.

#### A SHIVERING SPECTACLE.

Shivering crowds on the Thames Embankment yesterday watched the naval display by young city clerks, business men and artisans who composed the "crew" of H.M.S. President, the reconstructed submarine decoy ship. Anti-aircraft gun drill, sea boat drill, and flag signalling were features of the display which were largely in the nature of a recruiting effort for the R.N.V.R.

#### "PULL THE CLOTHES LINE."

When James McQuinn, a cattle drover of York, was fined £2 a Doncaster yesterday for pulling the communication cord, delaying a London and North Eastern train, he pleaded he was drunk.

The Chairman of the Bench told him, amid laughter, that he must not pull the communication cord when drunk, but must wait till he got home and then pull the clothes line. Defendant seemed highly amused.

### DEPORTEES WILL BE RETURNED.

#### DECISION OF FREE STATE GOVERNMENT.

The attitude of the Free State Government towards the situation created by the judgment in the Art O'Brien case was made clear yesterday by Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs.

He said that when the Irish deportees were arrested and sent over to Ireland they undertook to return them at any time that the British Government wanted them returned. Therefore, if they ask for the return of Mr. Art O'Brien they will get him.

He added that the Art O'Brien case might be regarded as a test case, the decision in which would automatically affect the other deportees.

### THE KING'S RETURN.

**CIVIC RECEPTION AT DOVER TO-MORROW NIGHT.**

The King and Queen will arrive at Dover to-morrow evening shortly before eight o'clock on their return from their visit to the King and Queen of Italy.

They will embark at Calais on the special turbine s.s. Biarritz, the latest addition to the fleet of the Southern Railway mail boats, and will be escorted by a fleet of torpedo boat destroyers.

There will be an official welcome at Dover, in which the naval, military, and civic authorities will take part, and the Royal Marine and military guards of honour will be present on the pier and at the station. Their Majesties will afterwards entrain for London.

Before leaving Rome their Majesties lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and had tea with the King and Queen of Italy at their private home in the outskirts of Rome, where the Italian sovereigns so often reside.

According to a Reuter message from Rome the King and Queen are leaving with the happiest impression of one of the most memorable, cordial and interesting journeys they have undertaken. They have been particularly struck by the friendly greetings extended to them everywhere, and, in spite of the demands of a very full programme, their Majesties are in the best of health and have not had a moment's indisposition during the tour.

#### VANISHED NURSE.

**Abandoned Baby Found Near Hospital.**

No trace has been found of the missing Bexley Heath (Kent) nurse, who sent to the bank by her employer to pay in £25 took with her the perambulator and the two years' old baby. As she did not return, the police searched the district in a motor car. The baby was found abandoned in the perambulator near Erith Hospital, but the nurse could not be found.

#### MARRIAGE OFFER IN COURT.

When Nellie Lester, aged 27, a servant of Doncaster, was charged at Leeds Assizes with killing her child, it was stated that a young miner was anxious to marry her and was present in court to say so.

Mr. Justice Sankey, in binding the woman over, said that the offer of marriage had saved the young woman from prison.

#### BEWARE OF THE 'FLU.

Influenza is very rife in the Black Country section of the West Midlands. In some areas few houses have escaped. The complaint is mild compared with previous visitations, and no deaths have been reported, although whole families have been attacked.

### TAXI-CAB MURDERER STILL AT LARGE.

#### INTENSIVE HUNT FOR MAN WITH AMERICAN ACCENT.

#### WHO IS SHIELDING THE CRIMINAL?

The man who murdered Jacob Dickey, a taxi-driver, in Bay Tree-road, Brixton, S.W. is still at large.

Since the crime was committed on Wednesday night, the police have conducted a rigorous search—chiefly in the East End of London—for the wanted man.

A number of people have been interrogated by Scotland Yard officers, and yesterday inquiries were instituted into a statement made by a man of Jewish appearance, who is said to have known Dickey. The man was not detained.

The following is the official description of the man believed to have been Dickey's assailant:—

Age 28, height 5ft. 11in. or 6ft., slim build, broad shoulders, clean shaven, believed dark; wearing brown suit and grey trilby hat, believed velour; stoops, speaks with American accent.

The police are satisfied that Dickey was shot dead by a burglar, who hired the taxi for a night's expedition.

#### THE GOLD STICK.

Among the important clues is a curious gold-headed walking-stick, left in the taxicab. It has been ascertained that the stick was manufactured in 1920 by Henry Howell and Co., Ltd., of Old-st., E.C. The firm have succeeded in tracing definitely the retailer of the stick. It was sold to a certain shop in the West-End. The police are now following up this clue.

It is believed that Dickey was picked up outside the Trocadero on Wednesday night, and on being given certain directions drove to Bay Tree-road, Brixton.

People living in the neighbourhood heard six revolver shots and on running into the street saw the driver, who had alighted from his cab, collapse at the corner of Acre-lane.

Dickey is said to have struggled with his assailant as far as the corner of Acre-lane, where he finally collapsed and was found in a pool of blood.

The theory at the present moment is that Dickey knew of the real object of the journey to Brixton, and in Bay Tree-road, threatened to inform the authorities.

#### IMPORTANT FINDS.

Importance is attached to the discovery in the taxicab of a piece of newspaper bearing the number of a house and the name of a road in Dulwich where a burglary was committed later the same night. A further astonishing fact is that this piece of paper appears to tally with a similar piece found at the address mentioned.

There were also found in or near the taxicab:—

- A jenny.
- Two revolvers.
- An electric torch.
- A pair of gloves.
- A gold-headed walking stick.

It has been discovered that a burglary was attempted in a street near Bay Tree-road on the night of the crime, and marks on a door correspond to those that would be made by the jenny left behind by the murderers.

Finger-print and other clues are being followed up by the police.

Shortly after the time of the murder a man who speaks with an American accent knocked at the back door of a house in Acre-lane and asked the occupier to allow him to pass through into the street.

He must have climbed a wall in Bay Tree-road, immediately after the shots were fired.

The occupier, not knowing of the murder, allowed the man to pass through, and he was seen to hurry away along Acre-lane in the direction of Kennington.

A problem which still confronts the police is whether Dickey knew the man who shot him.

The police are investigating an alleged quarrel on Monday between Dickey and the man whose description answers that of the wanted man. The police are led to believe that Dickey and his murderer were not strangers to each other.

The taxi had been seen in Brixton before Wednesday evening, and on more than one occasion it had been seen driving up and down Bay Tree-road.

The police are sure that the murderer was thoroughly well acquainted with the Brixton district.

Scotland Yard have issued the following statement in connection with the crime:—

The police are anxious to trace the owner of a straight-figured ebony stick, 3ft. long, with horn tip instead of ferrule, gold engine or machine-turned knob, with the letters "J. R." and 9,375, an anchor and the letter "U" stamped thereon.

In the top of the gold knob there is a gold pencil-case which, when withdrawn, leaves an aperture 7in. deep.

Also a seven-chambered revolver, numbered 92033 on butt, makers H. and R. Co., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., Rim fire, on barrel the inscription, "H. and R. Model 190622." "C.A.L.R.F." on top of chamber. One loaded and six empty .22 short cartridges in ivory chamber.

The police would also be glad of information respecting a 12in. iron jemmy, newly forged, with the name "Lawson and Heaton, 1913," thereon.

The above articles were found in the vicinity of Bay Tree-road and Acre-lane, Brixton, on Monday, December 11, 1922, at or about 10.15 a.m. Information to

(Continued in Page 2.)

### NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.

#### WETHERED'S FINE GAME IN THE FINAL.

Roger Wethered, the old Oxonian, won the British amateur golf championship yesterday, beating R. Harris (Scottland) in the final at Deal by 7 and 6.

Strong winds blew across the course, and after lunch the weather was tempestuous, heavy showers and sleet falling. This is the first time that Wethered, who played brilliantly, has won the title. Full details of play will be found on Page 18.

#### RHINE BRIDGE BLOWN UP.

**French Fine Town of Osterfeld 100,000 Marks.**

A Reuter message from Dusseldorf states that the steel railway bridge spanning the Rhine-Herne Canal near Osterfeld has been partly blown up, a train conveying a body of Artillerymen being stopped in time to prevent a disaster.

The Burgo-master of Osterfeld has been arrested and the town fined 100,000 marks.

#### SOCIETY DIVORCE PETITION.

The petition for a divorce by Lady Hermione Francis Gordon-Lennox, of Belgrave-sq., London, against Lord Esme Charles Gordon-Lennox (son of the Duke of Richmond), of The Neuk, Fochabers (Morayshire), is down for hearing at Edinburgh on May 26. The petition, which is undefended, alleges desertion.

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP**

When you have indigestion, flatulence, acidity, biliousness or constipation, a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup removes it by restoring stomach, liver and bowels to tone and strength.

#### REMOVES

**INDIGESTION!**

It is the medicinal extracts of roots, barks and leaves, contained in Mother Seigel's Syrup, which have such a beneficial effect upon these organs. Try the effect of a dose, after each meal, and note the improvement in your health. The Syrup is also sold in Tablet form, price 3/-.

13

3/-





## Coh! Mabel's taken all the Maison Lyons TOFFEE

But Mabel's not going to have it for long. They are all after her like a shot. They know how rich and creamy it is, so every body means to have a share.

# 6<sup>d</sup>.

Per 1/2 lb.

When once you've tried one of those ripping little pieces of Maison Lyons Toffee, you feel as if you must have one more. And you know that of all the other kinds of Toffee you ever had there wasn't one that was quite so scrumptious.

Sold at the

**Maison Lyons, Corner Houses,  
LYONS' TEASHOPS  
and by  
AGENTS EVERYWHERE.**

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

## Pretty Girls Take Carter's

Imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver. A few day's treatment with Carter's Little Liver Pills will do more to clear the skin and restore the bloom of perfect health to the cheeks than all beauty treatment. You will even be better looking by taking Carter's. They cure constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

Harmless and purely Vegetable. The  
Ideal Laxative for Children.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

The GENUINE must bear signature

*Ben Food*



That feeling of  
DEPRESSION  
is a warning to you

# WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life.

Depression warns you that you are run-down. You need the new strength and new vitality which Wingarnis promotes. Try a bottle to-day.

## Your skin will be perfect

if you use Germolene.

This aseptic dressing removes every blemish arising from rashes and eruptions, eczema, pimples, rough, red or tender skin.

INVISIBLE WHEN APPLIED

It will clear away every disfiguring blemish from your complexion. It will remove every trace of eczema, rash, sun-burn, cleanse the skin of acne, pimples, redness, and roughness, and give you perfect skin health.

Take a little Germolene on the tips of the fingers and gently rub it in—operation two minutes. It will sink into the pores. It is not sticky because it is flesh-toned, and invisible when applied. No germs, no irritation, no pain can remain for it is aseptic, cleansing, comforting, soothing, healing.

Prices: 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists and Stores.

# Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing



FREE SAMPLE TIN will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Vero Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester. Mention this paper. AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.



THE OVERTURNED CAR AT CHURWELL HILL, NEAR LEEDS.

## HUNT FOR TAXICAB MURDERER.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Superintendent Clark, of Brixton Police Station, or to any police station. One of the most astonishing features of the crime is that Dickey should have been murdered within a few yards of a populous thoroughfare at a comparatively early hour, for the shots were fired at 9.45.

## GIRL WHO SAW FIGHT.

### WATCHED DRAMA IN ROAD FROM BEDROOM.

Miss Violet Hillebrand, of 57, Bay Tree-road, Brixton, who witnessed the

struggle from beginning to end from her bedroom window, gave a graphic account of it in an exclusive interview with a representative of "The People."

"Our house," she said, "is within a short distance from the actual scene of the crime, and I happened to notice the taxi draw up. Glancing casually through the window I saw that two men were struggling near the vehicle, and as I was afraid it might be a drunken brawl I put out the light in my room. This enabled me to see more clearly what was taking place, and I could discern the forms of two men in silhouette swaying backwards and forwards."

"The fight seemed to last quite a long time, and suddenly I was startled to hear two sharp reports."

"One of the men fell, but managed to regain his feet and the struggle recommenced. But this time it did not last long, for one man dashed across the road, while the other staggered in an opposite direction and finally collapsed."

"There is a lamp close to the tragedy, but it is not lighted and owing to the darkness I could not see the faces of the men, but they both seemed to me to be young and fairly tall."

"It was some time before I could realize that something serious was taking place, and I do not think I had any idea that a tragedy was being enacted before me until the shots were fired."

"My first impulse was to rush out, but I felt helpless and dazed by what I had seen."

"There appeared to be practically nobody about at the time and it is not surprising that the man who committed the crime got away, for the neighbourhood is a very quiet one."

"The second part of the struggle occurred quite near our house, but even then I could only see the forms of the two men."

## DRIVER'S WARNING.

Miss Annie Henry, of 58, Acree-lane, rushed out of her house in an endeavour to seize the assailant.

"I heard three shots in quick succession," she afterwards stated, "and then ran out with my father. Other shots were fired as I hurried down the steps."

"The taxi-driver was staggering down Bay Tree-road with his arms extended. As I heard him, he shouted to me: 'Go away, go away, I am shot.' I stopped for a moment, and another shot rang out."

"The flash came from the direction of the headlights opposite the spot where Dickey fell."

Mr. L. Henry, her father, declared that shots were fired while Dickey was staggering away.

"My daughter ran in for brandy, but when she returned, I saw that the driver was dead, and she gave the brandy to women in the crowd who had fainted."

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## DORIS HAWKER'S OWN STORY.

### BACK FROM INDIA.

## GIRL WHO WAS SENT TO EURASIANS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Plymouth, Saturday.

Doris Hawker, the seven-year-old orphan girl, concerning whom there has been so much discussion in India and at home in consequence of her being sent to Madras to be adopted by a family of Eurasians, arrived at Plymouth on the British India liner Neoralia this morning.

She was looking none the worse after her trip of nearly 14,000 miles on her outward and homeward journey.

She is now on her way back again to Princess Louis's home at Teddington.

Little Doris's story is as follows:

A family of Eurasians named Benedict had got into communication with the home and had expressed their desire to adopt a little girl.

Eventually Doris had her passage booked to Madras. On her way out to India, however, the fact that her new guardians were Eurasians leaked out, and much indignation was expressed by the passengers and officers of the Neoralia that an English girl should be adopted in a coloured household.

## POLICE INFORMED.

As a result, when the liner arrived at Madras, the commander, Captain Manley, got into touch with the Madras police. It was discovered that the Eurasian family were in fairly comfortable circumstances, the husband being a native broker.

However, in view of the feeling that has been aroused against an English girl being introduced into a coloured household, the Commissioner of Police arranged for a friend to accompany Doris at his home until the liner was due to return to England.

While at Madras Doris contracted malaria, and was sent to the children's hospital. She remained there until the Neoralia called at Madras on its homeward journey.

The authorities at home, it transpires, were entirely unaware of the fact that the child was being sent to a coloured household.

## MUD AS A CURE.

### £1,000,000 SCHEME TO FOUND GREAT SPA.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Southend Saturday.

Following the assertion of Professor Pamianco, the famous Italian scientist, that the mud of Southend-on-Sea excels all other muds in curative properties, a great spa, which will have behind it a capital of about £1,000,000, is to be established at Westcliff, the fashionable suburb of Southend.

It is already claimed that the radio oil derived from this hitherto despised sea waste has effected cures of cancer.

A new company is to be formed, and Mr. Boulting, a well-known financier of Broad-st., London, addressing a meeting of prominent local citizens, declared that the new hydro would make Southend one of the world's richest and greatest towns.

The battle of Hastings will be fought out in miniature on that day.

A children's procession and a "Pageant of Nursery Rhymes" have been arranged for the next day, to be followed on the closing day of the carnival by a floral procession and battle of flowers.

Many "monarchs" will participate in the Hastings Carnival, which commences on Saturday next and ends on the following Wednesday.

The "King and Queen of Carnival" will enter the town on the opening morning and will attend a sports meeting in the afternoon.

On the Monday the "Queens of Sunshine and Health" and the "Queen of the Cinque Ports" will ride in state in a procession, and there will be a pageant, which will portray the history of Hastings from pre-Norman times.

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## TAXI CAB BILK AND BULK.

### UNFAIR "FARES."

## HOME OFFICE REPLIES TO DRIVERS' PLAINT.

The grievances of London taxi-cab drivers were summarised under seven points by a deputation from the Motor Cab Trade Protection Society which waited upon Mr. Short, the late Home Secretary, last October. They included the hardships inflicted by "bilkings," regulations governing the carriage of luggage, and the one-sided operation of the law as between drivers and their fares.

Mr. Bridgeman, the present Home Secretary, "The People" is able to state, has now replied, and in the interview below the Secretary of the Society deals with his decision.

By Mr. W. M. TUCKER.

The only concession which has been granted as the result of our representations is that it will not be necessary in future for a driver who has been convicted of a minor offence and seeks the renewal of his licence to secure the signatures of two householders.

With regard to the other points, the letter from the Home Office states:—

Very careful consideration has been given to the other matters raised at the deputation, but Mr. Bridgeman regrets that, having regard to his duty to the public, he would not feel justified in making any concessions on them, and your other requests cannot therefore be granted.

The new arrangement in connection with licence renewal will be welcomed. We also wanted a full and comprehensive definition of personal luggage. At present anyone using a taxi-cab can pack it inside with all kinds of articles so long as there is room for the passenger to ride, and a driver has no power to make any charge. On the other hand, if any luggage is placed on the outside of the cab a small charge can be made.

GUIDANCE WANTED.

As a matter of fact every cab, in order to comply with police regulations, has to be provided with straps to secure luggage on the roof and beside the driver. What we wanted was some guidance as to the kind of luggage we could insist on being placed outside.

Another thing we asked for was the abolition of the driving tests in the case of cabs with the same control. Whenever a driver gets a new type of car, even when the control is exactly the same as the one to which he is accustomed he has to go through another test at Scotland Yard.

We also suggested that the large metal ticket worn by drivers at the present time should be replaced by a smaller badge which would answer the same purpose.

A further grievance we ventilated was the loose and one-sided arrangement between the hirer of a taxi-cab and the driver.

A ONE-SIDED SYSTEM.

Under the system now in operation if a driver agrees to carry a passenger to a stipulated destination for a fixed sum, and he discovers at the end of the journey that the price does not give him a fair return, he has no power to claim extra payment.

On the other hand, if the passenger considers that he has offered to pay too much he can tender the amount registered on the meter and the driver has no redress.

One of the most important matters we laid before the Home Secretary was the practice of "bilkings." We wanted a regulation to be made which would enable the police to take into custody passengers suspected of dodging payment.

At present anyone can hire a taxi-cab, and be driven, say, to Golders Green, and at the end of the journey refuse to pay. A driver may call a police constable and demand the passenger's name and address, but there is nothing to prevent a passenger from giving false information.

A passenger cannot be detained while his name and address are being verified, and we have dozens of cases under consideration now where considerable sums are involved and false names and addresses have been given. It is no exaggeration to say that taxi-cab drivers are defrauded of hundreds of pounds every year by unscrupulous "fares."

The musical double ride at the Royal Tournament will be given by the 12th Royal Lancers, and will include evolutions at the trot and canter, a display of training with the lance and a charge from either end of the arena.

AN L.C.J.—SOME DAY

Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., who says that he is to be a future Lord Chief Justice.

He made this prophecy in the House of Commons on the 10th inst., and said he then would restore to the people a lot of things of which they have been robbed.

He then proposed to petition the fellow M.P.s that they were "a collection of swindlers," was called to order by the Speaker, and withdrew the expression.

Mr. Jack Jones is the well-known Labour representative for Silverton.

LONDON BREVITIES.

"Holbe's 16th Century" is Prebendary Carlile's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

The Underground between Morden and Clapham Common on the City and South London Railway will be reinstated on and after Tuesday.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given with full orchestra at 3.15 p.m. to-day at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

On Tuesday next the L.C.C. will be recommended to make a rate of 4s. in the pound, a decrease of sixpence on the present rate.

In aid of the London Fever Hospital Mark Hambourg will appear in a full star programme to-night at 7.50 p.m. at the Islington Empire.

Mrs. E. S. Amery will hold a reception at Admiralty House, Whitehall, on Monday, at 3 p.m., on behalf of the Veterans' Association.

The international conference on day nursery work, organised by the National Society of Day Nurseries, will be held at Carnegie House, Piccadilly, W., from May 22 to 31.

## SUICIDE'S SECRET WORRY.

### PROMISE TO A WIDOW STRANGE STORY OF "ACTS HE HAD DONE."

The motive for the suicide of John Anthony Kemp (20), of Belaise Park, pupil of a chartered accountant, was not revealed yesterday at the inquest at the London Hospital, where he died of phosphorus poisoning. It was stated that the youth had some reason for his act.

"Suicide while of unsound mind" was the verdict.

Arthur Wm. Kemp, the father, said his son had lately been working hard for an examination.

Francis William Worsnop, proprietor of the Cock Hotel at Epping, how at 6 p.m. on Tuesday Kemp asked for a bed, adding that he was very tired and would like to retire for the night.

He had no luggage. His hair looked as though they had been washed and mud. He told witness he had been walking through the Forest, but lost himself and was too tired to go home.

The next morning the youth was heard to be moaning and wistful for a doctor. When he first arrived Kemp registered as "Jack Smith," of Aikwright Mansions, Epping.

Dr. William Francis Erskine, Epping, who saw Kemp at the hospital, elicited that the youth had taken phosphorus from a bottle on Monday afternoon. Kemp told him he had been worrying him, but he did not indicate what it was.

ONE WORRY.

Mrs. Phyllis Kemp, of Denmark Hill, Gloucester, said she was the widow of one of Kemp's brothers, her husband having been killed in the war. She last saw John just before he died and was very friendly with him.

The Coroner: Anything beyond that? I mean was there any interest between you?—Yes.

Was there anything in that to make him worry—anything standing in the way?—No.

Nothing to prevent you, if so minded, from getting married?—No.

Was he in a position to marry?—No. Did he worry about that?—No. I don't know that he did.

Do you know of anything which he should be worried?—Well, there was one thing.

Was it something connected with both of you?—No, connected with him self only.

Was it something which would cause a separation between you two? It might have done.

Was it for that reason he worried about it?—He did worry about it.

And told you about it?—Yes, he said he ought to tell me.

Was it something which occurred lately or not?—Until quite recently I don't understand your meaning.

"Until quite recently." What was the condition of things until quite recently?—All right or not all right?—I don't know. He told me it was not all right, but he told me he promised it should be all right.

But as I understood your evidence he had no reason to continue to take this something very seriously for he thought it would be all right or rather he had promised you it would be all right?—Yes.

Do you know whether he was keeping his promise? He told me so.

Since then have you had letters from him?—Yes.

And they were affectionately written?—Yes.

Did he, in them, refer to anything in his mind that was worrying him? I asked him if it were all right and he replied that it was.

There had not been any quarrel? No quarrel whatever.

Have you anything further to say which will assist me?

Witness (after a few seconds): No, only that one thing.

Can you say what it was?—I can't say that he had done.



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**"STRONG MEDICINE" SEQUEL.****ABSENCE OF DRUNK ON DOLE CHARGES.**

"Apparently, the strong line taken here last week has caused a reaction, because in a long list of drunks and disorderlies this morning there is not one, except a remand, associated with the dole. I said some substantially strong things last week, and what I have pointed out seems to indicate that, after the administration of a little strong medicine, men who are tempted to do that sort of thing either resist the temptation or go into another district with it."

Thus spoke Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the magistrate at Thames Court, yesterday, in passing sentence of 21 days' imprisonment on a young man for having been drunk and disorderly.

Accused was remanded last Saturday, when it was stated that he had drawn dole, spent it on drink, and severely assaulted his mother, who, however, refused to prosecute.

**AN AMERICAN'S EXPERIENCE.**

Tells How to make a Remedy for Grey Hair.

MR. J. A. McCREA, who was called Grandpa on account of his white hair, and who darkened it with a home-made mixture, made the following statement:— "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orle's Compound and 1 ounce glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week, until the desired shade is obtained. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

**The refreshing morning drink**

**Kkova Salts**

9d. & 14. From all chemists, druggists, and grocers. Make you fit—keep you fit.

**HER Experience**

Mrs. Whalley, of 37, Leish Rd., Howe Road, Alton, Lancs., writes: "When I was ten years of age I had two fits, which left me with enlarged glands. I am now 25 years of age, and until about 12 months ago I suffered so much with the swellings in the neck that at times I felt I was going to choke. I had tried a host of rubbing oils and ointments, but when I was advised to try your Clarke's Blood Mixture, and I was completely cured."

Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Gout, and Rheumatism.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"Everybody's Blood Purifier."

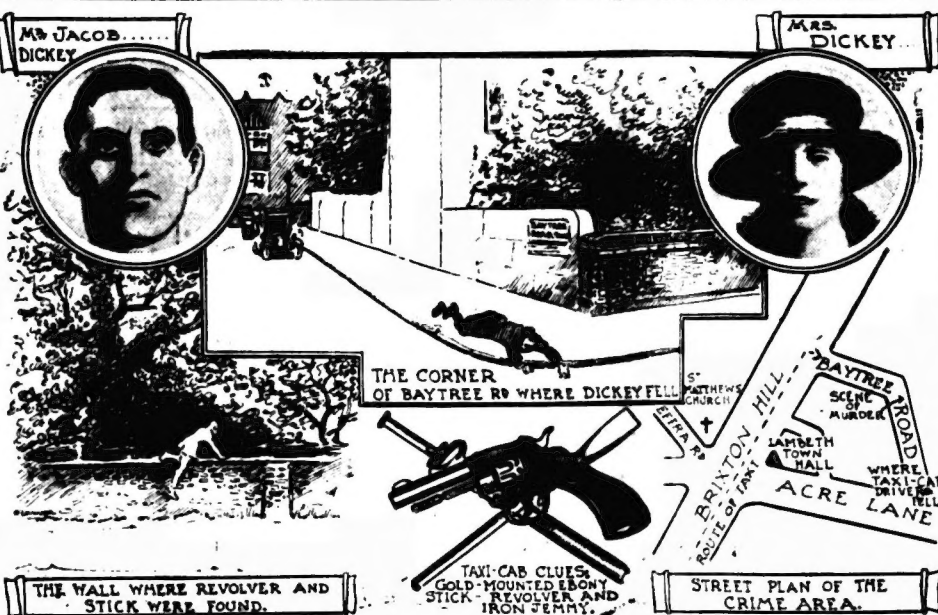
**OZERINE CURES FITS**

Physician of European reputation, cures the very worst cases of FITS and all forms of EPILEPSY permanently when everything else has failed. From the first dose FITS usually cease entirely. Thousands of testimonials. 35 years' invariable success in all parts of the world. Bottles 3s., 5s., 12s. Post Free. 40 days' supply sent to Canada, the Colonies, America, &c. for 12s. post free.

I. W. NICHOLL, Ltd., PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS, (Dept. 4), 25, High Street, Bolton.

**IRONY OF A CHEER.**

I was one of a crowd on the roof of the Currier Town Hall, when the fire broke out as it left the station. When the large bell returned the man was informed that his home, which comprised two rooms above a shop, had been destroyed.



THE WALL WHERE REVOLVER AND STICK WERE FOUND.

**HIS SUNSHINE GIRL.****DIARY SECRETS OF MAN WITH LOST MEMORY.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Luton, Saturday. The identity of the young man found lying on the roadside between Luton and Harpenden and taken to Luton Union Infirmary suffering from loss of memory, has not yet been established.

Amongst his papers is a Canadian military badge for service during the war, 1915 to 1917, numbered C.P.F. 15226, and the chairman of the local branch of the British Legion, who served with the Canadian forces, had several chats with the man to-day. He elicited that he was born in St. Catharines, Ontario. He knew Ontario, but his recollection will not carry him beyond pre-war days.

There have been many inquiries to-day at the infirmary by friends and relatives of missing men, one by relatives of a man who has been missing for eight years, but none of the descriptions given bore any resemblance to the mystery man.

Ever since his admission into the infirmary he has shown indications of intense agony and acute distress of mind. He has suffered very much with his eyes; that is apparent from a perusal of a diary found upon him in which there are complaints about sore eyes, eye trouble, and references to headaches, illnesses, nerves and bad nights.

Most of the entries are under the signature "Linmie," and mainly relate to meetings with a young lady. They are couched in loving terms, and are full of tender sentiments. "Sunshine" is his name for her. He calls her "Dearest Sunshine," "Radiant Sunshine," "Sunshine Lady," and "Sunshine Sweetheart."

He also calls her "My Wonder Woman," "My Dearest Lady," but freely interspersed with these love passages are those despondent references to eye trouble. He talks about being nearly blind and says he will go into the woods when darkness comes and fight it out. "It means reason or life."

There are also references to "Ciss" and other names mentioned as Harry, Aunt Lucy and Mr. R. Phillips, c/o The Lord Tyravley, 71, High-st., Marylebone. Sometimes he signs himself J. L. B.

**HUMAN DRAMAS:**

**At Home and Away.** "I have been in the neighbourhood ever since I have been away," declared a prisoner at Lambeth.

**Women's Upward Tilt.** You ladies have an ingenious way of throwing backs to the more upward tilt of the chin.

**Empty Tickers.** "My child couldn't go to school because the doctor said she had empty tickers on her face," said a mother at Willesden. Clerk: What may that be? School officer: She means it's empty.

**Writting.** "Did the defendant use some sort of irritating language to you?" asked the Willesden magistrate. Complainant: She did, sir; she threatened to bash my ugly, boss-eyed face in.

**Squandered His Money.** At Bow-st., Daniel Joseph McDougal (25), of Popplefield, Walsby, was sentenced to three months' hard labour for stealing a gold watch and chain, value £20, and converting to his own use an overcoat he had borrowed from P. C. Stone. A year ago accused was stated to have come into a large sum of money which he squandered at West End night clubs, and to have left his wife and child destitute.

**Tale of Lost Terrier.** Charged with stealing and receiving an Airedale terrier, value 10 guineas, Richard Houghton (29), a labourer, of Commercial-rd., Peckham, was at Lambeth fined £5 for having been found in possession of the dog, which belonged to Mr. A. O. Bacon, of Wood-warke-rd., Dulwich. Accused, who was found in a public house with the dog, said it was given to him by a man with a barrow, adding that on realising that the dog was a good one, he intended taking it to the police station.

**Mug Sold a Pup.** "I am only the best mug who has been sold a pup," said Albert Burton, of Harlesden, who at Willesden was fined £3 for sending out an unfit horse. Magistrate: Did you have a character with him? Defendant: No, sir, only a friend. Defendant: denied that he covered the sores on the animal's back with a black substance to hide them.

**Prison Next Time.** "I am not sure that I ought not to send you to prison," I seriously said to a man who came to the court yesterday.

"This is your last conviction, and you are fined £20," said Mr. Wiltshire, at which the defendant, Robert (21), a general dealer, of 4, Avebury-st., Shoreditch, who was charged with loitering for betting purposes.

**SHEETS AS FIRE ESCAPE.****EXCITING SCENES IN AN HOTEL BLAZE.**

The Criterion Hotel, Foyle-st., London-derry, was burned down early yesterday morning. About 25 visitors were in the hotel, and there were exciting rescue scenes.

The visitors on the third floor included 16 emigrants who were leaving later in the day for America. They lowered themselves by sheets to a balcony on the first floor, and were got down by the fire brigade with ladders.

A man in his night attire appeared at a third-floor window, and the brigade were putting up a ladder when he disappeared. Firemen rushed in through a window, and eventually rescued him.

Two girls, scantily clad, climbed down a rope of sheets, and men who were returning from a dance handed them their overcoats. The police got shelter for the half-naked crowd in the street by breaking in an office door until hotels in the vicinity opened.

One man was injured by falling on the verandah, through a sheet giving way. Some of the emigrants got their trunks out of the windows, but others lost everything, including their money.



"IN A RATHER CHAOTIC CONDITION" Otherwise looking for a leg to stand on.

**YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.**

**Women and their Money.** "It is only a little more money for the Receiver of the Police," said Mr. Cairns, at Thames, in granting summonses to several women for taking money from men.

**A Turf Philanthropist.** Charged at Thames with dishonestly a man said that he sold magazines and gave away a racing tip free with each purchase. Magistrate: A rare avowal of a Turf philanthropist.

**Serious Charge Against a Sorter.** Stated to have been 20 years in the postal service, Fredk. Caine (34), a sorter at West Central District Office, was remanded on bail at Bow-st., charged with stealing a registered letter containing £586 in banknotes.

**Drunk on the Dole.** How do you live? asked the Westminster magistrate of a young man fined 12s. 6d. for drunkenness after taking methylated spirits. Defendant: I have been drinking 15s. a week from the Labour Exchange for months.

**Assault on Tram Conductor.** For assaulting a tram conductor who had requested him to cease smoking, a 40-year-old shop clerk of Mayfield-rd., Chadwell Heath, was fined 30s. at West Ham, and 10s. for having been drunk and disorderly.

**Mothers' Sweet Oblivion.** "I have never been fined before," declared a woman at Kingston who answered a school summons. Officer: But you have. Woman: Well, if I have I have never paid it. A fine of 10s. was now imposed.

**Woman's Alleged Bigamy.** Remarking that her case appeared to be a sad one, the Lambeth magistrate committed for trial on bail Jane Chambers (24), of Philip-st., Peckham, who was charged with bigamy. Evidence was that accused in 1921 married Frederic Chambers, a tobacconist, who was alleged to have left her seven months later, and this month she went through the ceremony of marriage with John Mitchell, a young labourer.

**Without the Option.** Pleading that he thought it ought to have been dealt with before the appropriate, James (19), of Clifton-st., Stratford, was at West Ham sentenced to seven days' hard labour for assaulting George Shenton, an assistant at the West Ham Guardians' relief station by striking him a violent blow on the nose.

**WILL THORNE'S LESSON.****WHAT HE TOLD THE PRINCE AT LADY ASTOR'S.**

Mr. Will Thorne, Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. V. Hartshorn, Labour M.P.s., were among the guests who met the Prince of Wales when he dined with Viscount Astor and Lady Astor at their London residence.

Surrounded by society women, the Prince and these Labour members talked together in the most cordial and unaffected manner. They all agreed that it was a very pleasant evening.

Mr. Will Thorne had a long conversation with the Prince. "I told him that I should have some dirty bouquets sent my way for putting my feet under the table with royalty," the Prince said. "I object to royalty, but I don't mind being called the Prince of Wales."

His Royal Highness was much interested in the industrial situation, and discussed unemployment for some time. Mr. Thorne said he pointed out that the position was serious on account of so many men and women being out of work, but that the cycle of bad trade would be followed by good trade.

"I told him that when we got the next cycle of depression things might turn out a little awkward and that I thought there would have to be many changes, but that they would be made in a constitutional way."

To that he replied: "Nobody can object to that."

The guests were representative of various classes, and included the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Balfour, Lord Haldane, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Hewart, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir George and Lady Percy, and Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee.

**HOME-GROWN 'TURKISH'**

CIGARS 6d. EACH, AND £1,000 A CABINET.

Among the exhibits at the Tobacco Exhibition, which opened at Olympia yesterday, are "Turkish" cigarettes, the tobacco for which has been grown in Hampshire.

Cigars, costing from a few shillings for a small box to something like £1,000 for an elaborate cabinet containing 20,000 are shown.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the 6d. Havana, from Cuba, which was a popular pre-war favourite, is again possible.

Demonstrations are given of 40-year-old methods of cutting and preparing tobacco leaf, and as a contrast, there is exhibited an almost modern machine which turns out 100 cigarettes a minute.

**CHEAPER POST.****REVISED RATES COME INTO FORCE TO-MORROW.**

Revised postage rates come into force to-morrow, as follows:

INLAND LETTERS	
1/2 oz. and under	1d.
1/2 oz. and over	2d.
INLAND PRINTED PAPERS	
1/2 oz. and under	1d.
1/2 oz. and over	2d.
INLAND PARCELS	
1/2 oz. and under	1d.
1/2 oz. and over	2d.
FOREIGN LETTERS	
1/2 oz. and under	1d.
1/2 oz. and over	2d.

**FIRE-RAISING IN CHURCH.****Confessional Boxes Found in Flames.**

There is an epidemic of arson in churches. The latest outrage occurred at the Church of Corpus Christi, Bracken Hill, on entering the church with the object of despoiling a member of the congregation found a confessional box burning, while a second was bursting into flames. The alarm was given and the flames were extinguished.

No detection has been made by the police in connection with the affair.

**SHIPYARDS HAVE TO CLOSE.****Thousands of Men Idle through Boiler-makers' Strike.**

The boiler-makers' lockout has already been followed by a strike of 16 important shipbuilding yards. It has decided that the boiler-makers' strike will have a serious effect on the shipbuilding industry.

Thousands of men who are idle in the shipbuilding industry are just as idle in the work of the boiler-makers.

**BOY CHARGED WITH ABDUCTION.****THEFT CASE SEQUEL.****STORY OF WEEK-END HOLIDAY JAUNT.**

Charged at Tower Bridge Police Court, London, with abducting Elizabeth Morley (16), of Suffolk-st., Rotherhithe, from the custody of her parents, Herbert Hooker (18), a ship's steward, employed at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, was remanded, bail being refused.

The case was a sequel to a charge of theft, which was preferred a week earlier against Hooker and Morley.

Det.-Sgt. Widdell said he arrested Hooker at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on April 21. Hooker replied: "I object to the case being brought up now. I do not admit it."

In the previous charge, on which Hooker and Morley were committed for trial to the Sessions, it was alleged that a bogus burglary had been arranged by them at Morley's father's house, and that a safe had been robbed of its contents.

Hooker denied the charge, and said the jewellery and sovereigns were taken by the girl, who asked him to mind them. Morley admitted the theft, and both agreed that the money had been spent on amusement.

Hooker admitted having stayed with the girl for a week-end at an hotel on a part of the stolen money.

Hooker denied the charge, and said the jewellery and sovereigns were taken by the girl, who asked him to mind them. Morley admitted the theft, and both agreed that the money had been spent on amusement.

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**SIX KILLED IN TRAM SMASH.****DOWNHILL PLUNGE.****REBOUND TO ROAD AFTER CRASH INTO WALL.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Leeds, Saturday. Six people were killed and thirty others injured at Churwell, near Leeds, this morning, when a tram-car travelling from Morley to Leeds got out of control and crashed into a wall at the bottom of Churwell Hill.

Most of the victims were work-people travelling to the millinery and leather workshops of W. L. Ingles and the Dye-works of J. H. Spencer, Leeds.

The names of the dead are:—A. Harcourt, Southgate, Morley. T. Moore, Zou-st., Morley. R. Faulkner, New Brighton, Morley. J. H. Spencer, Scatcherd Hill, Morley.

William Spence (aged 17), Jackson-lane, Morley. Benjamin Greenhill, Holbeck, Leeds.

The car, which left Morley at 6.45 a.m., carried a full complement of passengers on both decks when it reached Churwell Town Hall, at which point the track begins to descend a steep incline.

It had just finished picking up and setting down passengers when it apparently got out of control and began to glide down the slope with increasing momentum.

**JUMP TO SAFETY.** Many of the passengers, realising the grave danger of the situation, at once made for the doors in an attempt to alight.

The speed of the car was increasing every moment, and only three passengers risked the jump. They escaped with minor injuries.

On reaching the cross switch at the bottom of the hill, the car jumped the points, lurched to the left, and crashed sideways with a terrific impact into the wall on the left side of the road.

It then rebounded from the wall into the middle of the road, where it fell over broadside with an appalling crash.

The sound of splintering glass and cracking woodwork mingled with cries and shrieks of the entrapped passengers.

A graphic description of the tram-car's headlong flight was told me by Horace Baron, of Chorlton. "I heard terrible shouts," he said, "and saw the car dashing down the gradient."

The rear wheels of the car left the line, and then the car itself appeared to fly across the road into a wall. There was a rebounding crash as it struck the wall and rebounded, falling on its side."

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If that is how the first few warm days leave you it is a sign that your blood is not virile enough. You need some thing to make up for the fact that in

Spring your blood is thinner than at any other time during the year. You need Kruschen Salts to give it what it lacks.

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## MINISTER'S SON HELPS HIMSELF TO £50,000.

### AMAZING CAREER OF LUXURY AND BLUFF ON STOLEN FORTUNE.

(SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE.")

After a meteoric career as Stock Exchange wizard, money lender and palatine de danse proprietor, David Chalmers Anderson, the son of a retired Edinburgh minister, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for an amazing series of forgeries involving about £50,000.

His trial at Glasgow High Court extended over six days and he was found guilty on 33 out of the 34 charges preferred against him.

The lavish manner in which the young adventurer lived, his romantic schemes and his method of enjoying a fortune while earning only 30/- a week are described by "The People" Special Correspondent.

Anderson, who was stylishly dressed, heard his sentence in the same calm, unemotional manner which characterised his conduct throughout the trial.

For a moment or so he gazed round the court-room as if looking for someone, and then descended to the cells.

Though 24 years of age, Anderson appears much younger. He was brought up in Edinburgh, and completed an arts course at Edinburgh.

In 1920 he became secretary to Mr. John Wilson, a retired provision merchant, who was a partner in the big Leith firm. The old man took a great interest in Anderson, as the latter's father had been Mr. Wilson's minister for many years and a close friendship existed between the two families.

At first it was Anderson's duty to read the newspapers and business correspondence to Mr. Wilson every morning and evening, owing to the old man's sight being defective.

By this means the youth gained access to the retired merchant's private papers and he helped himself to a number of important War Bonds and other stock to the value of about £50,000.

Mr. Wilson, who died in December last year at the age of 92, had made his will in the June previous, by which he left his relations only £200,000 out of a fortune of £280,000 which he possessed. A substantial sum went to endow a pension fund for grocers and provision assistants who had not been employed in any co-operative society.

How suspicion arose that all in the estate was not right was when the son

heitor came to examine the accounts, etc., with a view to winding up the estate. It was then discovered that a number of stock certificates could not be found, and the agent got into communication with several companies as to whether certain stocks were still held in the name of Mr. Wilson. The reply was in the affirmative, but in January last—nearly a month after Mr. Wilson's death—an English firm received a letter purporting to be from Mr. John Wilson, Bath-st., Glasgow, intimating that he had changed his address.

Suspicion was naturally aroused, and correspondence with the solicitors for Mr. Wilson led to investigations, and Anderson was taken into custody by the Edinburgh police.

When arrested this audacious young man was occupying a lavish suite of rooms in the Caledonian Station Hotel, Princes-st., Edinburgh, and at the time the police seized numerous papers and documents which played an important part in the weaving of the web from which Anderson has failed to extricate himself.

Among his possessions were a number of visiting cards bearing the name of "David Charles Anderson, director of companies."

Anderson, who was paid 30s. a week by his aged employer, accounted for his wealth to his brother by the fact that he was underwriting on commissions, and that he was dabbling in finance.

It emerged in the course of the evidence that the youth visited America last summer, and while there wrote an Edinburgh commission agent to forward him £500. He also spent a holiday in Brighton, and while there had £200 sent to him. At the fashionable Ascot race meeting he indulged in a scheme of backing the favourites. He commenced with a bet of £10, which he doubled on each succeeding race, but as it proved a bad meeting for favourites, he dropped in all £1300.

On his return to Scotland Anderson entered his motor car for a hill-climbing contest, and was successful, and when informed of this by a nephew, Mr. Wilson was astonished, and asked how Anderson could buy a motor-car when he only received 30s. a week. Subsequently, when interrogated by the Deputy Procurator Fiscal as to how he bought a car, Anderson promptly replied: "Which one? I had four." He stated that he bought the cars and sold them at a profit.

#### A £52,000 DEAL.

He bought a partnership in a Glasgow moneylending concern and later purchased the Palais de Danse and Cinema at Fountainbridge, Edinburgh for £52,000. At this period of his career Anderson entertained lavishly and was looked upon as a generous host.

His story of his wealth was that the late Mr. Wilson was being pestered by the Inland Revenue authorities and never got an accurate return of his income. He told Anderson that before another return was due, he (Wilson) would find a way to prevent the authorities from ascertaining his income. Wilson was convinced the authorities had access to his Bank of England securities, and suggested to Anderson that he should act as his nephew, go to Glasgow, and dispose of a number of war bonds, so as to hoodwink the Revenue authorities. This, Anderson declared, he did and accounted for all the transactions with his employer, who banked the money in Edinburgh. For his trouble Anderson said he received £100 a month from Mr. Wilson, besides being the recipient of presents of money and bonds at other times.

Anderson further declared that Mr. Wilson assisted him in the purchase of the Palais de Danse, and was latterly in favour of the scheme. Addressing the jury at the close of the evidence the Advocate Deputy said it was rather startling that a young man earning 30s. a week of a salary should own four motor-cars one after another—one of which cost him £1,100, and should sell three of them at a profit.

Lord Hunter, the judge, in his summing up, characterised the purchase of the Palais de Danse for £52,000 as a remarkable transaction for a young man acting as a clerk to an old gentleman. The story that Mr. Wilson was desirous of defrauding the Inland Revenue his lordship described as a horrible scheme. It was a very serious thing, upon the mere allegation of the accused, to accept as proved that the late Mr. Wilson entered into a scheme to defraud the Inland Revenue.

## PANEL SYSTEM ON THE RACK.

### CORONER CRITIC.

#### PENNY-IN-SLOT STYLE OF TREATMENT.

Severe comments on the present panel system were made by Dr. Edwin Smith, the North-East London coroner, when he concluded the inquest on a young man whose father had made complaints concerning the treatment received.

The case, said the coroner, represented a class all too often met with, namely, that of the panel patient receiving totally inadequate attention. The human machine that was out of order did not lend itself to lightning diagnosis and penny-in-the-slot style of treatment. A reasonable time was required, but this the patients did not get and could not hope to get under present conditions.

Apologists for the panel system pointed to the relative infrequency of complaints. This should deceive no one, for only rarely would a dissatisfied patient go the length of making a formal protest.

#### "MISERABLE FAILURE."

It was also claimed that the system was a step forward to better things. That was nonsense.

The panel system was a retrograde step not too strongly described as a disastrous blunder and a miserable failure.

It put a premium on scamped work and inefficiency, for it could not be denied that on the whole the worst work was being done by the men drawing the largest incomes.

Criticism of a purely destructive kind was unsatisfactory, and if asked for suggestions he would say—replace the present system after consultation and agreement with a body truly representative of doctors, by one under which the doctor was paid for actual work done and the patient freed from restrictions both in choosing and in changing his medical attendant.

The experiment of trying to provide fifteen millions of people with medical attendance on contract lines had had ten years' trial and had proved a failure.

#### SON AND MOTHER'S SIN.

A father complained at Marlborough-st. Court that his son had lost his situation because the foreman had read in the newspaper that his mother had been convicted.

The magistrate said he would request the court missionary to see the foreman, and, if the boy's story were true, ask him to re-instate the lad.

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## POPULAR SONGS AND MUSIC IN "THE PEOPLE" EVERY WEEK.

### I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My SISTER KATE

Words and Music by A. J. PIRON.

Tempo di Shimmy (Slower than For-Trot).

**Chorus.**

Wish I could Shimmy like my sis-ter Kate, She shiv-ers like the Jel-ly on a plate; My mammy wanted to know last night, Why all the boys treat Sister Kate so nice, Ev'ry boy in our neighbour-hood knows that she can Shimmy and dance so great. I'm all used a thing or two, Then I got wise to something new, Although I tried, 'twas all in vain, But sister Kate could not be blamed, I look'd at Kate, she was in a trance, And then I knew it was in her dance, She made me dance till I got sore feet, I will be glad when it's all com-plete,

**Verse.**

All the boys are going wild Just over Kate's dancing style, Tried so hard to im-i-tate To Shimmy like my sis-ter Kate.

**Chorus.**

Wish I could Shimmy like my sis-ter Kate, She shiv-ers like the Jel-ly on a plate; My mammy wanted to know last night, Why all the boys treat Sister Kate so nice, Ev'ry boy in our neighbour-hood knows that she can Shimmy and dance so great. I'm all used a thing or two, Then I got wise to something new, Although I tried, 'twas all in vain, But sister Kate could not be blamed, I look'd at Kate, she was in a trance, And then I knew it was in her dance, She made me dance till I got sore feet, I will be glad when it's all com-plete,

**Verse.**

All the boys are going wild Just over Kate's dancing style, Tried so hard to im-i-tate To Shimmy like my sis-ter Kate.

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NEXT WEEK:—The Brightest Vocal One Step, "I WANT SOME MONEY" (Gimme Some, Gimme Some.)



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## THE PANEL SYSTEM INEFFICIENT.

When Dr. Edwin Smith, the North-East London coroner, denounced the panel system as a "penny-in-the-slot" style of medical treatment, he was but expressing in forcible language what thousands of people have been thinking for some years past.

As a practitioner for 25 years, Dr. Smith must be supposed to know what he was talking about, and he condemns the scheme as a disastrous blunder, a miserable failure, a premium on scamped work. It is common knowledge that the system involves the maximum amount of trouble and irritation with the minimum of medical attention.

If such a system be not an unequivocal success, it must, in the nature of things, be a disastrous failure, for it merely camouflages the danger threatening the public at large. The poor patient is entitled to the best treatment obtainable, but actually receives the worst, and the fact is hidden by the system itself. It is useless to blame the doctors; they are not equal to the task they undertake.

The moral is that the panel system must be mended or ended. If the Ministry of Health, in conjunction with the medical profession, can devise a better scheme, one under which patients can receive adequate individual attention instead of being left, as so often happens, to diagnose their own ailments and receive perfunctory treatment in the mass, as it were, then all may yet be well.

And why should not reform have some regard to prevention of disease? The study of preventive medicine has made great progress in recent years; why not apply it to the panel system? It is far more in accordance with humanity and common-sense to prevent sickness than to cure, or attempt to cure, it.

## "TONS OF MONEY" FROM RUSSIA.

The more extreme elements in the Labour Party are busily engaged, like Dickens's fat boy, in endeavouring to make our flesh creep with wild talk of war with Russia as a consequence of the British Note to the Soviet Government.

But there is a rift in the Labour lute, and one section is now demanding of the other section who has had the £75,000 sent over here by the Bolsheviks for British Communists. "Search me," as our American friends would say.

A great Labour demonstration has been planned for London to-day to protest against the action of the British Government in sternly remonstrating with the Soviet for its treatment of British fishermen and its persistent plotting against the British Empire. The Social Democratic Federation were asked to supply certain M.P.s to speak, and that body has declined, demanding first to know what has become of that money.

Perhaps Mr. Lansbury will address us now.

## IRISH REBELS AND ENGLISH JUSTICE.

(By a Political Correspondent.)

IN March last a number of Irish rebels were arrested in England and Scotland at the request of the Irish Free State Government.

These people were planning murders, outrages and the destruction of property; they were in league with other rebels in Ireland. The Home Secretary had them deported to Ireland, where over a hundred of them have been imprisoned by the Free State authorities.

A bargain was entered into between the Free State and the Home Secretary, but according to the Court of Appeal the bargain was illegal; the Home Secretary contravened Habeas Corpus—our sheet-anchor of personal liberty. Anyone arrested should be brought before a Court of Justice within 24 hours. In this case the Irish rebels might have been charged with high treason in England and tried; instead of that they have been interned in Ireland for two months, and no charge brought against them.

The Government defended their legal position, and Sir John Simon, a former Home Secretary and a great lawyer, supported the Government. An action was started by Art O'Brien, one of the deportees, against the Home Secretary and the Court of Appeal has unanimously decided that the Home Secretary entered into a bargain which is not enforceable by law and ordered him to deliver up O'Brien.

Lord Justice Atkin said that the Home Secretary had no more right to arrest O'Brien than he had to arrest the first man he met in the street. This decision comes before the House of Lords to-morrow for final revision.

In this matter the British Government were very anxious to serve the Irish Free State, but in doing so the Home Secretary, if the House of Lords decision is as anticipated, has laid himself open to very heavy penalties.

A Bill of Indemnity has been prepared for immediate introduction in order to protect the Home Secretary from the penalties to which he may have subjected himself.

## WHEN TETRAZZINI WAS UNNERVED.

Mr. Walter Hedgcock, the celebrated organist and conductor of the Crystal Palace for some 20 years, is to have his services to music recognized by a testimonial concert.

(By WALTER HEDGCOCK.  
Musical Director and Organist to the Crystal Palace.)

THE size of the Crystal Palace frequently appeals to those who come to sing there, even the most experienced. When I showed Tetrazzini the huge amphitheatre she cried out in dismay: "Mon dieu! do I sing here?"

"Yes," I replied, and she did so superbly, throwing her whole soul into a splendid effort which held the hall enchanted.

Other famous folk whom I have accompanied include Santley and Sarasate, but above all, I have got to love my huge choir. We get along splendidly, although I must confess there are one or two choristers whom I do not love as much as I ought.

You must know them, for they are in every choir. First, I place the man who hides behind his score, and his brother, who indulges in that distracting habit of beating time with his hand.

Then there are the inveterate chatterers, who look on rehearsals as their great opportunity for the exchange of gossip. They do not really come to sing, although they would be most insulted were one to remind them of the fact. I am the only person who has to talk at a choir practice, and I do so as little as possible.

These people are almost as distracting as the sturdy bass singer who has a low D in his voice, and uses it whenever possible, whether it is written in his music or not. His suppression calls for a great deal of effort.

And, lastly, there is the individual who leaves a rehearsal before it is finished. This, I am sure, is largely a matter of habit, as bad a one as the most common one of coming in late.

## The Holiday Banqueters.

We have so many different types of audiences here. For instance, on a Good Friday, or at a Handel Festival, 16,000 serious-minded souls gather in reverent attention. What a contrast to the Easter Monday parties of jolly banqueters and others who assemble.

I remember on one such occasion when a cherry rooster peeped in at me on my set whilst I was playing. "Er, Bill," he cried to his mate, "E's playing the blinking thing with his feet."

That reminds me of a far more alarming incident which occurred while I was practising. I suddenly heard heated words and cries coming from the nearly empty auditorium, and on looking over I saw a man in the act of striking a woman. I stopped playing instantly, and in the ensuing silence bounded over several seats to collar the delinquent just as a constable laid hands on him. He was merely engaged upon the cheerful pastime of wife-beating, and was astonished to think that every eye was turned on him when the music stopped so abruptly.

I suppose "Mandalay," of which I am the composer, has found its way pretty well all over the world. Only recently I had a letter from a Canadian settler on the subject, and Colonel Mackenzie Rogan, the famous ex-bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, told me that on his visit to France during the war, he found the outside cover of it on one of the battlefields. I should like to know the history of that copy!

(In an interview.)

## TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

### Our Hardworked King.

The King and Queen return to-morrow night from their visit to Italy. The King has a very busy day when he is at home, but when he is abroad, as on his visit to Italy, he has to divide the day into seconds. In addition to the numerous official and social functions which he must attend, the visits he must pay and the sights he must see, he is pursued with dispatch boxes.

A procession of King's Messengers carry dispatch boxes and other documents to the King, which he must read, and many of which require his signature. King's Messengers have not yet taken to flying.

### Prince and Labour M.P.

Lord and Lady Astor gave a dinner party to the Prince of Wales on Friday night and invited a large number of public men to meet His Royal Highness, including several members of the Labour Party and their wives. Among the Labour members present were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Will Thorne. Mr. Thorne, who wore a lounge suit, had a very pleasant chat with the Prince, who talked about industrial questions. He also discussed the Football Final at Wembley—Mr. Thorne being one of the leaders from West Ham—and referred to the remarkable demonstration of loyalty shown to the King by the vast multitude.

### "Captain Kinnaird."

The Hon. Anne Kinnaird, the daughter of Lord Kinnaird, who has been appointed a Captain on the permanent staff of the Salvation Army, is not the only worker of noble birth in the International Training Garrison for social and religious workers at Clapton. Anne Kinnaird is a particularly sweet girl and is immensely popular with her fellows and with others in the district.

She has been at the college for the past two years, and passed through the ordinary probationary duty, taking her place as a cadet in household service. Later she was promoted sergeant in supervising the work of others, and took part in organising house-to-house visits and outdoor meetings.

The social work appeals very strongly to Captain Kinnaird, and she pronounces herself ready to respond to any call of duty wherever it may be.

### Money and Morals.

The snowball idea in charity seems popular. Sir James Marchant is trying to raise an emergency fund of £1,000 to save the work of the National Council of Public Morals by 200 gifts of £5 each. Queen Alexandra has started the movement, while Princess Christian is among the supporters. This work has been in existence for 20 years, but, like many others in these hard times, it is on the rocks.

### Footplate Stories.

The usual summer Celebration Dinners have commenced. The other evening the Crewe railwaymen dined together, the function having been arranged by Captain Reginald Terrell, M.P., who acts as honorary secretary. It is long since he drove a railway express engine, though he can do so if required. At this annual event the participants have all been through the L.N.W. works at Crewe, and they talk shop, though on this occasion one of the chief guests was Sir Park Goff, M.P., presumably because having as a King's Messenger flown all over Europe and much of Asia during the war he must have formed an excellent idea of railways from above. Most of these dinners are joyous affairs; at the last a chief singer walked off the platform for good, because there was such a buzz of conversation.

The Postmaster-General is having conferences with the Marconi Company with the object of arriving at a settlement with regard to the Imperial wireless chain. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs addressed the members of the Industrial Group in the House of Commons on wireless a few days ago, and placed the position fully before them.

### The Empire Wireless.

The Czechoslovak Minister and his wife give to-day a reception at the Legation in Grosvenor-place. These functions are always popular because the music is good, but the weakness of all diplomatic receptions is that introductions seem to be overlooked. These hard times have hit the Legations—or some of them—very hard. Several cannot afford to entertain; staffs are even existing on overdrafts from the banks.

### A Sunday Reception.

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### The Head of the B.E.E.

A striking portrait in the new Royal Academy is that of Sir James Stevenson by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, one of the leading portrait painters of the day. Sir James is the new administrative head of the British Empire Exhibition, and, together with his deputy, Sir Travers Clarke, has been reorganising the administration of that enterprise. Sir James Stevenson, as is well known, has been for a number of years Business Adviser to the Colonial Office.

One effect of setting up the new Exhibition Board has been increased confidence in the great Wembley show. The Dominions are making greater contributions, and all the Crown Colonies will be well represented, as well as the British Government.

### Tit for Tat.

The American Government has interpreted its Prohibition law in a way which will prevent any foreign vessel carrying alcoholic liquors entering into an American port. Col. Courthope has introduced a Bill into the House of Commons making it obligatory for all foreign passenger vessels entering British ports to carry a supply of alcoholic liquors for medicinal purposes. The one condition is as reasonable as the other.

### M.P.s and Commerce.

It may not, of course, affect their judgment, but several M.P.s on the Opposition side of the House, are becoming financially interested in commercial transactions with Russia. Just now, however, one would have thought they would do better to stand aside.

### Madame Selfridge.

One of the veteran and inveterate first-nighters in London is Madame Gordon Selfridge, mother of the great merchant of Oxford-st. Everyone naturally calls her Madame. She is the sweetest and daintiest old lady in London. She is nearly ninety, but is keen and lively and takes an interest in everything. She retains her sight and hearing and goes about a great deal. She possesses that rare quality, charm.

Madame Selfridge was at the first night of "Ned Kean of Old Drury" at Drury Lane on Wednesday, and no

## When the King Goes Abroad —Labour and Royalty— "T.P.'s" Honour.

first night is complete without her. She can tell you about everything in London and every notable new book. Her other recreation, besides playing, is playing bridge. Madame Selfridge, who is an American by birth, and still keeps a slight and captivating American accent, acts as chateleine for her successful son at Lansdowne House.

### Painted Dresses.

Signora Maria Gallenga, who is now showing in London examples of her lovely painted gowns, is a Roman lady of great charm. She was once an artist, but for many years she has devoted her interest to the perfecting of the process of stencilling beautiful fabrics with designs in gold and silver. Her creations are very refreshing in these ultra-modern days, for she is only influenced by the work of the Old Masters.

Those who wear her dresses include the Queen of Belgium, the Queen of Roumania, Mrs. George Vanderbilt, the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ryder, and many smart American women.

### "T.P.'s" Many Friends.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who is to be entertained by his colleagues in Parliament on Tuesday, is Father of the House of Commons. He is also the most popular man in the House. Everyone likes "T.P." As a journalist Mr. O'Connor has lost none of his brilliancy and vivacity. He is an excellent speaker and a first-rate Parliamentarian. He would have made an admirable Chairman of Mr. T. P. O'Connor Committees.

Mr. O'Connor's public life has been a failure—almost a tragedy. He was an Irish Nationalist who sat for an English seat and combined Radical journalism with politics. He was regarded by his Irish colleagues as being more or less of an English Radical and by English politicians as an Irish Nationalist. Thus Mr. O'Connor dedicated his political career to the cause of Ireland, and after more than half a century's service and sacrifice has nothing to show for it. Had he joined the Liberals, with whom he generally worked, Mr. O'Connor would have been in the Cabinet over thirty years ago. Mr. Gladstone, it is said, did offer him office.

### "T.P.'s" Snuff-Box.

Mr. O'Connor, who will be 75 on Tuesday, is one of the few men who are still addicted to snuff-taking. Mr. O'Connor and his snuff are inseparable, and while using it he does a little broadcasting. It is fitting that he should be presented with a new snuff-box when he receives his Parliamentary tribute on Tuesday. The snuff-box is gold, of old French make, and is given as "A token of affection from his colleagues of all parties."

### The Prince and the Press.

The Prince of Wales enjoyed himself at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner over which he presided, although the function lasted over four and a half hours. He made a most happy speech and the influence of his personality enabled the committee to raise the record sum of about £25,000—more than £10,000 in excess of the previous record.

Lord Riddell added a few thousands to the fund at the end of the dinner by successfully auctioning a motor-car and tables at a cabaret dance. His success was largely due to his own good humour. He was bid 105 guineas for a table, and was on the point of accepting another bid for £110, when a reporter pointed out that £110 was less than 105 guineas. "Who will say after that," said Lord Riddell, "that reporters are no good at figures." He added that he never knew the difference himself between pounds and guineas, and in future during the auction would stick to pounds.

### RANDOM RHYMES.

Lor' Lumme, Bill, if this ain't like the Somme,  
The place where all the bally mud comes from!  
A clinking bit o' trenching, 'pon my soul,  
I wouldn't wish to find a better hole.  
Just fancy Jerry dug in over there,  
Agin' the Lions in Trafalgar Square,  
A-droppin' of his whizz-bangs over here,  
And you and me a-feelin' rather queer!  
It wouldn't half be home-like, Bill—  
what ho!  
It doesn't seem to me so long ago,  
Them tanks a-bargin' in, now, ain't they grand?  
Garn, don't tell me they're 'buses in the Strand!  
And them there whippets slipping past the station—  
What! only taxi-cabs! Where's yer 'magination!  
Hi up! Look out! Yer silly ass, take cover,  
Another blinkin' coal-box coming over—  
What! mean to say they're sellin' me a pup.  
And that's a motor lorry tunin' up!  
Well, strike me pink, Bill, I don't understand!  
I'm sure this here's the Somme, and not the Strand.

Now here's an ineffect I like,  
It just appeals to me  
As illustrating courage and  
I's cousin Modesty:  
A woman fell in the canal  
And someone raised a shout,  
But no one seemed to be on hand  
To promptly fish her out.  
A constable was summoned, but  
When he arrived he found  
A passer-by had rescued her  
And she was safe and sound.  
The lobby asked the man his name,  
But all that he would say  
Was, "O! it doesn't matter," and  
He calmly walked away.

## CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

WHEN Mr. Tony Weller informed Sam that the "have-chills" things "we Englishmen boast about," Mr. Art O'Brien's case in a nutshell.

Without presuming to ascribe merits, or demerits, of this particular case, it is interesting to consider Act itself. Briefly, a writ of Habeas Corpus is a remedial mandatory issued out of the High Court of Justice addressed to the person in whose custody another person is detained, commanding him to bring his captive before the court, "to undergo and receive" what the court grants, and writ "may consider of concerning" in that behalf.

It is really a means of securing subject against wrongful imprisonment. Even before the Great Charter, a what similar procedure was in use from time to time legislation has been passed adding to the importance of writ—notably Lord Shaftesbury's Habeas Corpus Act of 1679, which has since improved the legal machinery which the right of personal freedom may be enforced.

It has occasionally been thought viable to "suspend" the Act in emergency legislation, as in 1794 and 1817, in regard to persons arrested on charges of treason, and in Ireland, 1866 during a Fenian rising. The views held, so far, by the which have heard the O'Brien case have caused much discussion among jurists, and the decision of the House of Lords is awaited with interest.

It is not surprising that before being asked to wrap a rug around the Roman labyrinth known as the catacombs. It is formed of galleries four feet wide, excavated at various levels in the volcanic rock of the city, and interspersed with chambers originally intended for the use of the Christian dead.

These galleries are so extensive that authorities can only estimate a total extent at anything between 1,000 and 900 miles.

Such is the gloom of the place that dark there that the language of prophet (Is. lv., 10) seems to be fulfilled, "Let them go down quaking."

Many a time a hard-pressed man found temporary refuge in the birth from the Roman Empire, trusted with the task of administering stamp out the faith. The chambers were frequently adorned with frescoes of great beauty, and though many of these were afterwards defaced, enough remain to be of great historical value. The bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have lain in the catacombs for some time before removal to their present basilicas.

Some people are never satisfied. Now that Mr. Georges Barbot has come from France to England and again in one hundred and four months I suppose that everybody will be mad. In the days of Mrs. Wood her heroines used to go to the drawing-room in rustling silk coats and gowns, and bluish when they were offered a glass of wine, soon they will glide into the back garden in their leather coats and breeches and flying caps, and clamour for a stiff whisky and soda to take the sand of the Sahara out of their throats. O tempora! O mores! Which may be translated (freely), "What the devil is coming to?"

Then, I have no doubt, there will be records set up for non-stop gliding in the non-stop dancing craze. We will follow the example of Miss Susan Lock, who "was up" in a Paris delphia hotel for 36 hours without sleeping! That is something to brag about. The girl who could claim to have darned socks for even one hour would be stopping could have her pick of the eligible young bachelors of the country.

After all, Knowledge will mean Power, and that is why the problem of education is so important. The issue of a new publication, called "Outline of Everything," marks a new step in the great campaign for the improvement. By such means the man is enabled to acquire in a few hours knowledge that has hitherto been only at the disposal of the patient student.

But this book, comprehensive though it be—for it contains, among other things, a "Survey of the World's Knowledge," by Sir J. A. Wideawake, M.P.—will, in its turn, be shadowed by a mammoth production, which is now contemplated. Naturally, its modest editors do not care to call too much about it at present, but I am permitted to give a few facts which will indicate the scope of the new work.

It is to be called simply "WISDOM," and will consist of 366 volumes—one for each day in the year, including leap years. Every department of knowledge will be fully dealt with, and a special volume will contain the views of other eminent authorities on The Other Side of the Veil as the Rev. Whale Bone and Sir Gulliver Hodge.

The complete work will be published in about 2,652 weekly parts, and the first five million subscribers will receive, on the issue of the last number, gifts of a four-roomed (Government pattern) villa, in which to house a Ford car, and a specially-struck music bearing the word "Steadfast" on one side and an effigy of Lord Beaverbrook on the other.

Imagine, for instance, the value of such a work in Maidstone Gaol. The authorities have started classes in French, shorthand, and book-keeping for the benefit of the prisoners. (It is understood, however, that if Latin is added to the curriculum the words *meum* and *tuum* will, out of delicacy, be omitted from the dictionaries.) With these volumes at their disposal, even the fascination of "This Freedom" would lose its power.



THE LION OF THE AIR: Another little wing won't do him any harm.



## BOTTOMLEY ON HIS LOT.

### PRISON LETTER TO WIFE.

#### HIS SUFFERINGS.

#### CELL STORIES.

Horatio Bottomley, in a letter to his wife and daughter from Wormwood Scrubs Prison, has some entertaining things to say on the affairs of the world.

Headed, "No. 1779; H. Bottomley, Wormwood Scrubs Prison," the letter runs:—

"Dears—  
"Beginning—man-like—about myself. I cannot this time give a very good report. No appetite and no sleep make a bad combination, especially when aggravated by a variety of painful nerve disorders. The loss of weight, which has been considerable, may not necessarily be serious, provided the process is checked in time.

"But the insomnia, I confess, does cause me some anxiety, and at times I am afraid some depression. But I fight it as best I can. I think I have had every narcotic in the British Pharmacopoeia, and out of it, but, you see, the surgery here, wonderful as it is, contains nothing labelled *Pax cobactum*!"

"I suppose the chaplain would say that only one Physician prescribes and dispenses that!"

"Well, I have been here now just on a year—as a matter of fact, according to the official scale, well over a year—rotting away a big slice out of the remaining portion of my life that counts."

AGAINST PETITIONS.

"Of course, I am comforted by the wonderful messages of sympathy and hope you have received from all quarters—from the dear old Bishop down to those poor, humble folk who are good enough to remember the little things I did for them and theirs during and after the war. But it requires a lot of philosophy to face the awful reality of my position. And then there are those suggestions for a series of monster petitions (some unique in character), but I still discourage the idea.

"If what I have already endured since the trial—involving expulsion from Parliament and bankruptcy; my age, my services to the State—and the accounts I am now vouching—if, say, these things do not appeal to you, no number of petitions would," he says.

"But I am sincerely sorry for poor members of those wretched clubs who may not yet have received their money, and for whom I am sure I could have done so much had I been permitted to proceed to France (either under escort or in parole) and at no public expense."

"From all I gather from the scanty news which reaches us once a week, things generally do not appear to be in a very satisfactory condition."

"I am very sorry for 'B. L.' (Mr. Bonar Law), who ought to have taken warning from that breakdown, but he has not and has not allowed himself to have been prevailed upon to undertake his present heavy task."

"Honest, sincere, and possessed of a marvellous mentality—and, above all, of that inestimable gift of character—he has a rough job to tackle."

"Until they get cheaper food and drink, and better housing, the 'working classes' (to use a silly phrase) will continue to revolt; whilst on the top of that there is, I believe, a strong feeling that we are not doing quite the right thing by France, whatever may be the material result of the Ruhr occupation (which Britain, by the way, was in favour of two years ago) it is, at any rate, a much-needed reminder to the Huns that they really lost the war—a lesson they ought to have been taught in November, 1918, by an Allied march into Berlin."

"F. E." AS PREMIER.

"Then there is the very grave position of the Air Service (by the way, why don't we make Germany hand over, on account of reparations, the aeroplanes she has been busy building?)."

"Well, all these things are making 'B. L.' position extremely difficult, but let us hope for the sake of 'the peace and tranquillity of the Realm' his strength will be equal to it."

"But if not, a reshuffle of the Government, with 'F. E.' as Prime Minister, and Chamberlain as Home and either 'Mr. MacDonald' or 'Mr. Lloyd George' as Foreign Secretary, would be a walk-over."

"For 'F. E.' is a second 'Dizzy' and is sure to come out with a bold, picturesque policy—probably an up-to-date version of Tory Democracy."

"Meanwhile the Liberals will close up their ranks under a Lloyd George-Liberalism regime—for dear old Asquith, who must be over seventy now, has surely had enough of it."

"And so for a few years—I put it at from seven to ten—the game will go on between the old parties, as modified; and then at last we shall have the first Labour Government, with course with Ramsay MacDonald as Premier."

"He stands, as a Parliamentarian, head and shoulders above all his colleagues, and so long as he keeps his hands off the Throne and avoids confiscation, there is no reason why he should not sleep of nights. And all the time 'the great big world keeps turning'!"

"Jumping back for a moment to my own affairs, I only recently heard of the death of Mr. Disturnell, K.C., who acted my case before the Appeal Court. Every day I regret more and more the middle which was the appeal to the House of Lords. Disturnell, who was a great lawyer, strongly advised it; and I always remember what he said at the consultation at the Appeal Court. 'My dear Bottomley, if this was a legal case, you would be a walk-over.'"

"Bottomley adds two little prison stories."

"During the Armistice Day service, when all the officers wore their medals, one of the prisoners said to his neighbour, 'Don't you wish you had yours on?' 'Yes,' came the reply—but the prisoner is putting them on and taking the kiddies to the Cenotaph to pay for their daddy's return. They don't know I'm here."

"What are you in for?" I asked the man who was cleaning out my cell (I being a 'bed patient'). 'Cutting the wife's throat; but I had Curis Bennett, he got me off with grievous bodily harm. Instead of attempted murder.' 'Got you a bit,' said I. 'Well, the missus had a little bit of property, and she got a loan and paid for my defence!'

"You can write fully in reply to this. Let Florrie send me all the news, and say when you would like to come. Love to you both and to the dear dogs."

## M. KRASSIN FLYING TO LONDON.

### THE BRITISH NOTE.

#### CONCILIATORY REPLY BY THE SOVIET.

M. Krassin has left Moscow by aeroplane for London. He hopes to arrive at Croydon Aerodrome this afternoon. In some quarters it is suggested that M. Krassin may be in possession of the term of the Soviet's reply to the British Note, although not necessarily for formal presentation to the Foreign Office in London.

M. Krassin is Commissary for Foreign Trade in the Soviet Government, and is still nominally head of the Trade Delegation here, and as such is still entitled to enter this country.

Russian Government circles, says a despatch quoted by Reuter, place great expectations on M. Krassin's personal relations with influential British circles and hope his journey will be of valuable assistance to the Soviet's efforts to settle by peaceful negotiations the points in dispute, especially the question of the seizure of British fishing boats.

It is stated that the Russian reply to the British Note will be of a conciliatory nature.

Consternation has been caused at Lausanne by the assassination of M. Vorovsky, the Bolshevik representative in the Hotel Cecil there. The assassin was Maurice Conradi, a Swiss of Russian birth.

The British Government's reply to the German Note on reparations and the Ruhr was, it is learned, communicated confidentially to the French and Belgian Governments yesterday, and will be handed to the German Ambassador in London for despatch to Berlin to-day.

## RANSOM DEMANDED.

### SOVIET AND ARRESTED BRITISH MEMBERS

The agents of the Hull trawler James Johnson have received a message from the British Foreign Office, stating that the Russian Soviet has made an offer to the British representative in Moscow to deliver up the trawler James Johnson on the payment of 500 gold roubles.

It is understood that the Foreign Office have not tendered any advice to the agents, and have left it to the owners to decide whether or not they are prepared to pay the money.

The question now arises as to whether the Bolsheviks would regard payment of the money as a recognition of their claim to a territorial limit of 12 miles.

## SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

### PROGRESSING WELL, BUT STILL CONFINED TO BED.

Sir William Orpen, the famous artist, who is confined to bed in his home at Chelsea, suffering from blood poisoning, was stated yesterday to be making excellent progress.

The blood poisoning was originally contracted in France, while Sir William was painting on the battlefields. The poisoning recurs at intervals, and though the attacks are not serious, he has to remain indoors and rest for several days.

A year ago Sir William Orpen was a victim of cigarette poisoning. He smoked as many as 50 cigarettes a day.

## RIVAL BUSSES.

### "GENERAL" DRIVER FINED FOR CHASING AN "ADMIRAL."

At the Wood-green Court yesterday, when George Driscoll, an L.G.O. driver, was fined £10 for driving an omnibus to the danger of the public at Southgate, it was stated that he drove his omnibus out of a garage just as a rival "Admiral" bus was passing, passengers saying that an accident nearly occurred.

The magistrate said that incidents like these were a public nuisance, and they were going to be put down with a strong hand.

Mr. Sanders, for the police, said the "General" was sprinting to get to a stopping place before the "Admiral."

An L.G.O. timekeeper estimated the "Admiral's" speed at 20 to 25 miles an hour.

Mr. Sanders: Then why did you signal to your omnibus to come out? Why not wait till the "Admiral" had passed?

The timekeeper replied that it was time for the "General" to leave.

After passengers had raised the skill of the "Admiral" driver, the magistrate remarked that he was possibly destined to attain a high post in the Admiralty. (Laughter.)

For obstructing a rival omnibus, another L.G.O. driver was fined £2, with 3 guineas costs, at the South-Western Court.

## SHEILA'S FATHER.

Mr. W. S. Baines, of Notting Hill Gate, W., who came into prominence recently by reason of the adoption of his daughter Sheila by Mr. W. J. Locke, the novelist, left property worth £15. He died intestate.

## TO-DAY'S MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:

Green Park: Royal Horse Guards (Blues), 3.30 to 5 p.m.

Hyde Park: Coldstream Guards, 7 to 9 p.m.

Hyde Park: Royal Parks, 3 to 5 p.m.

Hyde Park: British Legion Headquarters, 3 to 5, and 6.30 to 9 p.m.

Regent's Park: Comrades of Great War, 3.30 to 5, and 6.30 to 9 p.m.

Richmond Park: Feltham Prize, 3.30 to 5.30, and 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Kennington Gardens: Kensington Volunteers, 3 to 5, and 6 to 8 p.m.

Victoria Park: G.P.O. Military, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Peckham Rye: G.P.O. Military, 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Brookwell Park: Camberwell Silver Prize, 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Norman's Gardens: Mad Bot. London Regt., 7 to 9 p.m.



The first dead-beat in history of the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park. Diligence, on the rails, Conover, who was third in the middle, and Simon Pure on the outside.

## RENEGADE SCHEMING TO GET BACK TO ENGLAND.

### MAN WHO TRIED TO CORRUPT OUR PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

(SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE.")

After a comparatively long silence, Houston Chamberlain, the friend of the Ex-Kaiser, is striving to seek readmission to this country.

He will be remembered as the apologist for German atrocities, the would-be corrupter of British prisoners of war in Germany, and the stiffer-in-chief of the Allies in the German Press during the war.

In the following article a special correspondent of "The People" describes how Chamberlain is endeavouring to use his influential friends in England to regain his former British nationality.

Chamberlain, who has been very uncomfortable in Germany of late, has still powerful friends in this country. For some time past he has been sounding them regarding the possibility of his restoration to British nationality—a restoration all the more important for him because without it he cannot take possession of a legacy left him by his uncle.

One of the most active of Chamberlain's friends is a woman who wields a good deal of influence, and so assiduously has this woman been preparing the ground for his return that she was able to advise Chamberlain during the past week that "powerful friends are working for us, and I think I may promise that they will succeed."

It was on receipt of this message that Chamberlain announced his intention of applying to the Home Office for permission to resume his British nationality. That application has not yet reached the Home Office, but it is certain that Chamberlain intends to make it, and equally certain that the

man may change his mind? See the error of his ways, if you prefer that way of expressing it?

That is Chamberlain all through. He speaks and acts as though nationality and citizenship were things that one could put off or on at will, and seems hardly able to realise that for a man to renounce his British citizenship in the middle of the Great War and to become viceroy-in-chief of his country and the Allies generally is a crime that cannot be passed over. Chamberlain is convinced that his friends can secure his readmission to British citizenship; but if he fails in this aim he intends to get into this country by fair means or foul.

A FAKED PASSPORT.

Recently he obtained a passport in a name other than his own. It was with this he travelled to Paris, and hoped to be able to resume his journey to England. He became alarmed when the French authorities developed suspicion regarding him and Chamberlain hurriedly crossed back into his beloved Bavaria.

Scotland Yard has been advised of Chamberlain's anxiety to return to this country, and there are others of the Yard ready to give him a welcome different from what he expects. If the police are left to themselves Chamberlain will never set foot on English soil save as a prisoner to face his trial, and under certain circumstances Chamberlain would be willing to surrender.

He relies on the precedent of Colonel Arthur Lynch, the Irish-Australian M.P., who fought on the side of the Boers, surrendered to the authorities some time afterwards, was sentenced to death, pardoned by the King, and afterwards released. Chamberlain thinks that his friends are powerful enough to secure similar treatment for him should it be necessary.

Chamberlain married a daughter of Richard Wagner, and has written several books in glorification of German Kultur. His attacks on the Allies and glorification of the Germans caused him to be awarded the Iron Cross by the Kaiser in 1915. He has lived in Germany for the past 25 years, but it was only in 1916 that he applied for German nationality. When the question of a legacy from his uncle first arose Chamberlain put forward the plea that he had not lost his British citizenship as his naturalisation in Bavaria was contrary to British law, and thus unimpaired of the fact that establishing such a plea was equivalent to admitting the guilt of his actions during the war.

HUSBAND'S VAIN APPEAL.

Almost Collapsed on Hearing His Sentence.

At Rancourt Police Court, Joseph Ward, of Peckham Park-road, Camberwell, made a pathetic but futile appeal to the magistrates not to send him to prison as he was afraid he would not come out again.

He was charged with failing to keep up his payments under a wife maintenance order. Ward said he had fallen on bad times. During the past few months he had walked the streets without food for days. When he found work he was too weak to do it and he had to be taken to hospital. When he came out he was given work which he had lost it would be permanent and then he was arrested.

On receiving the sentence of a month's imprisonment Ward almost collapsed and had to be assisted from the court.

LETTER THIEF'S TRICK.

The police are looking for a man aged about 35, who obtained a number of letters yesterday by means of a trick.

He is said to have stood in the doorway of premises occupied by Messrs. Truelove and Hanson, Ltd., in Sloane-st., S.W., and represented himself as one of the employees of the firm, thus inducing a messenger to hand over to him a number of important letters.

Nothing can keep me out of England," he said. "I have friends there, friends powerful enough to do anything for me, and they will be able to throw dust in the eyes of the English people. It is only a matter of time, and time is always on the side of the man who can afford to wait. I can."

When it was suggested that Chamberlain had no claim on the British people, he replied with that impudent cynicism so characteristic of the man: "Why should I not resume my British nationality if I want to? Surely a

man can change his mind? See the error of his ways, if you prefer that way of expressing it?"

That is Chamberlain all through. He speaks and acts as though nationality and citizenship were things that one could put off or on at will, and seems hardly able to realise that for a man to renounce his British citizenship in the middle of the Great War and to become viceroy-in-chief of his country and the Allies generally is a crime that cannot be passed over. Chamberlain is convinced that his friends can secure his readmission to British citizenship; but if he fails in this aim he intends to get into this country by fair means or foul.

A FAKED PASSPORT.

Recently he obtained a passport in a name other than his own. It was with this he travelled to Paris, and hoped to be able to resume his journey to England. He became alarmed when the French authorities developed suspicion regarding him and Chamberlain hurriedly crossed back into his beloved Bavaria.

Scotland Yard has been advised of Chamberlain's anxiety to return to this country, and there are others of the Yard ready to give him a welcome different from what he expects. If the police are left to themselves Chamberlain will never set foot on English soil save as a prisoner to face his trial, and under certain circumstances Chamberlain would be willing to surrender.

He relies on the precedent of Colonel Arthur Lynch, the Irish-Australian M.P., who fought on the side of the Boers, surrendered to the authorities some time afterwards, was sentenced to death, pardoned by the King, and afterwards released. Chamberlain thinks that his friends are powerful enough to secure similar treatment for him should it be necessary.

Chamberlain married a daughter of Richard Wagner, and has written several books in glorification of German Kultur. His attacks on the Allies and glorification of the Germans caused him to be awarded the Iron Cross by the Kaiser in 1915. He has lived in Germany for the past 25 years, but it was only in 1916 that he applied for German nationality. When the question of a legacy from his uncle first arose Chamberlain put forward the plea that he had not lost his British citizenship as his naturalisation in Bavaria was contrary to British law, and thus unimpaired of the fact that establishing such a plea was equivalent to admitting the guilt of his actions during the war.

## "POISON PEN" GANG.

### VICIOUS LETTERS TO VICTIMS.

#### 140 U.S. SUFFERERS.

#### BROKEN HOMES.

New York Saturday.

Following the indictment of a man well known in the musical and social world on a charge of writing "Poison Pen" letters, the District Attorney has disclosed the existence of a vicious band of "well-to-dos," who have specialised for years in sending scurrilous letters to wealthy and socially prominent people, attacking their relatives and friends.

At least 140 persons in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Boston, and other cities, received letters of this character.

One woman recipient is said to have gone insane, while a man recipient committed suicide.

Numerous homes are stated to have been broken up because of suspicions aroused through letters linking the indicted man's name with married women. All the letters represented that the indicted man knew the women whose names were mentioned.

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Communications were addressed to husbands and wives and their relatives. No blackmail was attempted, and the authorities are of opinion that the reason for the venomous campaign must be found in the field of abnormal psychology.

The letters bore various signatures, and nearly all of them depicted the indicted man as a Don Juan to whom women fell only to be cast aside later.

While a number of the recipients of the letters aided the District Attorney in his endeavour to ferret out the writer, others, whom the authorities would like to question, departed to the Bermudas and other places, unwilling to face the publicity that their connection with the case was sure to bring.

The indicted man is now in London and is said to be a British subject.—Reuter.

According to the Central News, the defendant in the case is described as president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. According to the "New York World," he indignantly denies the charge, saying that he himself is the victim of the letter writer.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Capt. and Mrs. B. R. Greig, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, have celebrated their golden wedding, having been married at St. Stephen's, Kensington, on May 7, 1873.

Strawberries promise to be plentiful this season. The enormous acreage in Hampshire is at the moment a mass of dainty white blooms, and the plants are healthier looking than they have been for years.

40 Houses Seized.—Another house was seized by the secret committee of the Ex-Services Men's organisation at Brighton yesterday to instal a homeless family. This makes the 40th house seized in this way in Brighton.

Apple Currant Tree.—A curious horticultural freak may be seen in a garden at Templeton (Pembrokeshire) where an apple tree has a black currant bush growing out of the trunk. One of the branches of the apple tree was broken, and apparently a currant seed found its way into the socket.

Memorial Altar Unveiled.—The Duke of Wellington yesterday unveiled the altar of a chapel which has been erected in York Minster to a memorial to 401 officers and 8,000 other ranks of the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment who were killed in the Great War.

Held Up by Armed Men.—Armed men held up the cashier of Messrs. Cherry and Smallbridge, printers, Islington, as he was carrying £250 from the bank to the office yesterday. They got away with all the money.

WIDOW'S FATE.

The body of Mrs. Fanny Mary Cars, well known of Western Hill, Sussex, was washed up by the sea yesterday at Rottamington.

Mrs. Carswell, a widow, who lived with her sister, went out the previous evening and did not return. It was presumed that the body had been washed along by the tide from Brighton. No letters were found on the clothing.

Ask the Advice of a Wise Man!

HE will tell you all sorts of sound things about money. He will tell you to spend it—but to spend it wisely. Next, he will tell you to keep a margin for saving. Finally he will tell you to invest that margin in Savings Certificates.

Why Savings Certificates? Because he is a wise man, and he knows that Savings Certificates are a simple, safe and profitable investment for small savings. They are easy to buy and, in an emergency, easy to cash with interest up to date.

Well over 600,000,000 Savings Certificates have already been sold. Millions of people are taking the advice of the wise man. Are you?

Buy regularly through a Savings Association, or from any Bank or Money Order Post Office. For more particulars apply to the nearest office.

Savings CERTIFICATES



# IN MY GARDEN

## WAR ON PESTS.

As soon as the conditions become hot and dry and the freshening showers are few and far between, the more common forms of garden pests will multiply rapidly. A really keen watch must be kept, and prompt steps taken in the early stages of infestation to keep damage at the minimum.

Leaf or growth pests, such as green or black fly ("Aphis"), thrips or mites which rob the leaves of colour and health, leaf-mining and curling maggots or grubs, caterpillars, etc., will be found working their pernicious damage on young shoots and leaves where the tender juices most appeal to them, and all too swiftly growth is hindered and badly crippled. Vigorous spraying or syringing with a special insecticide at fairly frequent intervals must be persisted in. It is encouraging to see how the green and fresh beauty will rapidly recover as the pests are wiped out of existence. Insects, however, are not the only pests which will be troublesome, but the free use of the hoe, together with soil, salt and lime will effect a clearance of the ground. Insects, however, are not the only pests which will be troublesome, but the free use of the hoe, together with soil, salt and lime will effect a clearance of the ground.

**VINE CULTURE.**  
Grape Vines in the "cool" greenhouse have made very rapid strides during the last week, and the matter of tying and stopping the shoots will need urgent attention. Thin out the weakest growths not required, and let the best do their work. It is fatal to allow a surplus of wood to produce too heavy a crop for the vine's vitality to support. Portion out those remaining to not more than one shoot per foot run of main rod, and tie each one gently down away from the glass to avoid scorching. Side shoots often produce two young fruit trusses; in this case, select the best to remain and pinch off the smaller, also stop all side shoots or sub-laterals as they are termed) two leaves beyond the fruit.

**BACKYARD GARDENING.**  
No doubt many of my readers in towns and populous districts have to be content with "backyard," and that very often a small one, lacking perhaps in sunshine and confined as to air space. Under such conditions, however, ingenuity and keen gardening will still manage to produce something of brightness to render the outlook more cheery. Where actual soil space is lacking, one must introduce pots, boxes or tubs of soil to grow things in, and place them about to the best advantage, and the use of a concentrated plant food will be of great use. For the best results, the strongest plants you can, well grown, vigorous, and endowed with growth that promises flowers later. It is useless to start with weaklings and expect to cultivate strength under a backyard environment.

The most suitable plants for the backyard garden are: Fuchsias, Violas, Calceolarias, Geraniums (Zonal and Ivy for hanging baskets and pots), Fuchsias, Marguerites, Lobelias (dwarf and hanging), Hardy Ferns, Polyanthus, and Forget-Me-Nots. If one wall is exposed to the sun and a few tubs of plants in pots or boxes. A nice crop should be obtained with ordinary care.

**OUTDOOR TOMATOES.**  
There is nothing like an early start with the outdoor Tomato plants, and as soon as the weather is settled they should be planted with no further delay. In a garden that is well sheltered with a wall or fence facing south or west, get the plants in at once, for here the soil is warm and a fence reflects a considerable amount of heat. For the open plants, should be obtained as strong as possible; if weak they sustain a fairly considerable check and bear only late crops.

The following are sound axioms for securing a good outdoor crop:—Prepare the land well, adding wood ashes, lime and bone-meal; get the strongest and earliest plants you can, put them out as early in May as possible, protecting on cold nights if necessary until growing freely, stake out the main stems, and when formed, water freely in dry weather, but give measure sparingly until the first trusses of fruit are swelling.

**CROW POTATOES.**  
Potatoes, as usual, should be the motto of every garden and plot holder, for there is no doubt that many of the biggest growers will produce considerably less this season than in the last sustained on last year's crop. Prices are almost certain to be higher, owing to the smaller supply, and the likely fact that the recent glut prices will rule again. I advise everyone to plant up at least their usual quantity of main crop tubers.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS.**  
Lovers of the Queen of autumn flowers should have no time to quibble in the plants for early blooming outside.

To build up a good bushy plant in a few months is quick work, and an early planting will be made and the plants will have had time to get well established before the summer heat sets in. Do not get discouraged if the plants are not yet well established before the summer heat sets in. Do not get discouraged if the plants are not yet well established before the summer heat sets in.

**PROTECTION.**—Garden, Pottery, Tennis, Boundary, etc. Netting, best small mesh, waterproofed, tanhemp, 30 yds. by 10 yds. 25 yds. by 10 yds. 20 yds. by 10 yds. 15 yds. by 10 yds. 10 yds. by 10 yds. 5 yds. by 10 yds. 2 yds. by 10 yds. 1 yd. by 10 yds. 1/2 yd. by 10 yds. 1/4 yd. by 10 yds. 1/8 yd. by 10 yds. 1/16 yd. by 10 yds. 1/32 yd. by 10 yds. 1/64 yd. by 10 yds. 1/128 yd. by 10 yds. 1/256 yd. by 10 yds. 1/512 yd. by 10 yds. 1/1024 yd. by 10 yds. 1/2048 yd. by 10 yds. 1/4096 yd. by 10 yds. 1/8192 yd. by 10 yds. 1/16384 yd. by 10 yds. 1/32768 yd. by 10 yds. 1/65536 yd. by 10 yds. 1/131072 yd. by 10 yds. 1/262144 yd. by 10 yds. 1/524288 yd. by 10 yds. 1/1048576 yd. by 10 yds. 1/2097152 yd. by 10 yds. 1/4194304 yd. by 10 yds. 1/8388608 yd. by 10 yds. 1/16777216 yd. by 10 yds. 1/33554432 yd. by 10 yds. 1/67108864 yd. by 10 yds. 1/134217728 yd. by 10 yds. 1/268435456 yd. by 10 yds. 1/536870912 yd. by 10 yds. 1/1073741824 yd. by 10 yds. 1/2147483648 yd. by 10 yds. 1/4294967296 yd. by 10 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## RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.



WILLIE SMITH TELLS HOW HE BEAT NEWMAN.

WHY HE DOES NOT PLAY THE NURSERY CANNON GAME.

By W. SMITH, the new Billiards Champion (Exclusive).

W. SMITH — 16,000.  
T. NEWMAN — 1,000.

SOME critics say I have an ideal temperament for billiards. Be that as it may, I felt confident from the start of the championship that I should beat Newman and so regain the honour I have always striven for. In saying this, I don't for a moment belittle my opponent in any way. It was my good fortune to get away at the start as I intended to do, and I always maintain that a good beginning is half the battle. It certainly was in this case, for every long effort that Newman made was a tremendous strain on his nerves. I dare say if I set my mind on it I could play the top-of-the-table game as well as most of my brother professionals, but I believe in keeping the two object balls well apart and within easy range of a pocket. I have fashioned my game on these lines and found it paid. Also I am vain enough to think that the public appreciate. Certainly I have received nothing but the most generous reception by the London enthusiasts.

George Gray surprised.

When I first won the championship in 1920, I met Newman in the semi-final heat and beat him in the final, but for certain reasons, I did not enter during the two following years.

As my readers are well aware, we have contested many money matches. It may interest my readers to know that I was a fairly good player while operating a typewriter machine on the "North Star," Darnley. In those early days I became proficient at losing hazards, and when I first met George Gray, the famous Australian, I played him at his own game, and he was not a bad player. Naturally he gave me a start, but my achievement was somewhat of a shock to his supporters.

I had several matches with Gray after that, and was always successful. It was then that I took up the game as a professional, and I have never regretted that. When I found myself in the final, I practised the all-round game, and have never since relied solely on the red ball play.

For one thing, the public do not like too much of it, although I find they appreciate an occasional red ball run very much. In my early professional days, after playing all the leading players of the time, I made up my mind to copy Edward Higgles, top-of-the-table game, as much as possible. I thought his style of play less open to risks than that of the close range players, and I left the nursery cannon game severely alone.

Many people think I am not able to play nursery cannons, but I can do my share if I like. I am of the opinion, however, that the little tags one has to give the balls whilst playing them, makes the cue action faulty for open play, especially for the free-striking losing hazards.

Whilst playing the hazards one has to let the cue go well forward, and for nursery cannons little jerky taps are needed, as to avoid pinging them, and this is the reason why I leave them out. It is amusing to me sometimes when I get the balls set for nursery, and I break them away at once, to hear laughs from the audience, they thinking I have made a mess of things.

During my final heat I had the balls set up for a nice run, but tapped the red along the cushion for the pot, and a gentleman laughed quite loudly, but I exclaimed, "You are wrong, sir, I don't play them," and then I laughed.

A Great Struggle.

The final heat was a tremendous struggle, but although Newman was hot on my heels, I always felt confident of victory. He made a great fight after a depressing start, and his play during this game should dispel any doubts as to his battling qualities. I know whether he can win or not. Naturally he turned out just as I expected, and I take this opportunity of congratulating him on his wonderful records set up against Inman. The final heat was played before packed and enthusiastic audiences, and although the large majority naturally wished Newman to win, they were, as I have always found them in London, very sporty, and I did not lack encouragement by any means.

HOUSE ASSESSMENT MUDDLE.

TAX INEQUALITIES. LAWS THAT LEAD TO OVERCROWDING.

"Those who have bought houses at inflated prices need have no fears, in my opinion, that they will be forced to pay tax on the extravagant purchase price they were compelled to pay," said Mr. Michael Faraday, the rating surveyor, to a representative of "The People," in condemning the Government's method of dealing with the property tax assessments.

"Valuations of house property must be based on rental values, where no rent is a 'dummy' paid," he continued.

The Government, for the first time since 1919, professes to effect a revaluation of landed property. To do this there has been no systematic revaluation. Inspectors of Taxes throughout the country have adopted various systems in answering the questions propounded by the Acts, namely, what is the true annual value? Naturally enough an outcry has come when such grave inequalities exist.

"The effect of the so-called valuation is to nullify the reduction in the income tax, and, in my opinion, this will add to the continued shortage of houses. In the long run the increased assessment depreciates the value of property, and makes it less and less attractive to the investor."

"The property market cannot be said to have even fully recovered from the setback of the Lord George's Inland Revenue Act of 1920, and the new assessment is another blow to the investor in landed property."

THE HOUSE FAMINE.

The scarcity of houses began in this country long before the war. The Inland Revenue Act put many a speculative builder out of action and have successfully kept him from supplying houses at low rentals. The Government seems to shut its eyes to the fact that the law of supply and demand is one for which no Parliament can ever legislate, and while there is such a large demand for houses, rents are bound to rise until the supply overcomes that demand. There is not the slightest encouragement, however, to an investor to supply the houses needed, because he is hindered by high taxation and restrictions which prevent the flow of money into those channels which would be at once a service to the nation and attractive to the speculator."

It is not only the small class of property that has been hit by the new assessment, for I have come across cases of mansions and large houses where substantial increases in the assessments have been made, despite the fact that there has been extraordinary depreciation in this class of property—such as I cannot remember before in my experience. Large houses are coming on the market daily and the enormous increase in taxation on those who occupy such properties reduces their rental value.

The demand for small houses has the effect of putting up the rental, and the lack of demand for large houses has the effect of reducing their value."

"The burden on places of amusement, such as theatres, music-halls, cinemas, etc., caused by the entertainment tax, has reduced the rental value."

"The double A tax is obviously a mistake, and a landlord's property is being taxed twice, there is no doubt, in paying the tax on the house, and then the tax on the profits of the house, which is a most inequitable thing."

"The fact that the large increased assessments, as a result of the new assessment, will be suffered by the ratepayer, and that with systematic and equality."

DIVORCE JUDGE ASTONISHED.

"£300" DEED. PITIFUL STORY BY ILL-USED WIFE.

A £300 "transaction" which the President of the Divorce Division, Sir Henry Duke, referred to as "abominable" was described when Mrs. Florinda Marie Egan, of Tay Bridge Road, Clapham, S. London, was granted a decree nisi on the grounds of the cruelty and misconduct of John St. Leger Egan.

Mr. Ernest Charles, K.C., said the wife admitted misconduct herself in exceptional circumstances, and threw herself on the mercy of the court to exercise discretion.

Mrs. Egan, continued counsel, was a young and inexperienced woman when she married Egan in November, 1920.

Almost from the beginning the man treated his wife with the most inhuman and persistent cruelty. As a result her health suffered, and after only six months her mother took her to hospital. When his mother-in-law remonstrated with him, Egan admitted that he ill-used his wife, and said he did not see why he should not.

When a separation was suggested the man showed his hand, said counsel, by saying he did not intend to be separated from his wife, but that if she would only go away and compromise herself with some man he would divorce her and that would be a way of settling the matter.

"ABOMINABLE TRANSACTIONS."

The wife was in bitter distress, but still tried to live with her husband. At length she treated to bad that she went away with another man. The latter, after a while, offered to marry her, and then Mrs. Egan having disclosed the truth, the man rightly sent her back to her husband.

She told the latter the name of the gentleman, and her husband extracted £300 from him in consideration of Egan not bringing divorce proceedings, and citing the man as co-defendant.

Afterwards it was found that Egan was living with a woman, and this petition was launched.

Mrs. Egan, in her evidence, said her husband often struck her in the face. When her mother remonstrated he said he was quite justified in thrashing his wife. Finally, said Mrs. Egan, she went off with another man.

Mr. Charles: Why?—Because that was the only way out that I could see.

That was the way your husband suggested?—Yes.

Mrs. Egan added that after she and the other man had been together two or three weeks he wanted to marry her, and she decided to do so when she was free.

Counsel mentioned that with regard to the payment over of the money to Egan there was actually a case of deceit.

Sir Henry Duke said he thought it was an infamous proceeding, as counsel had stated it.

Mrs. Egan identified the signature on the paper as her husband's.

Proctor's mother gave evidence about the cruelty, and it was proved that Egan had stayed with a woman at an hotel in the Strand.

His Lordship said he did not hesitate to exercise discretion in favour of the wife, proctor's mother transaction referred to by the husband, it could not be described in ordinary language—it was an abominable transaction.

BIT OF OLD LONDON TO GO.

A well-known London landmark will disappear with the demolition of the buildings at the corner of Goodge-street and Tottenham Court-road, in order to provide still larger premises for Messrs. Catesby, the universal providers.

The site in former times was occupied by The Talbot, an hotel famous for its dungeon-like vaults, which ran under the roadway, and the neighbourhood was once one of London's chief art colonies.

The future House of Catesby, which will be open in about six months, will contribute much to the architectural beauty of the West End.

OUR COMMAND OF THE SEA.

"STANCHIONS."

NAVY NOTES: By "The Man Behind the Gun."

It is no new thing to give expression to the fact that the very existence of the British Empire depends on the command of the sea, and its command of the sea.

It is, however, gratifying to find this vital matter by Mr. Asquith.

His speech on the vote for provision of a naval base at Singapore might have been voiced by the late Lord Beaconsfield, or his successor, Lord Salisbury. He said:—

"The object of the fleet is to obtain and retain the command of the sea. That was what it did during the war. When the history of the war came to be written with a true sense of perspective it would be found that the ultimate success of the Allies was due to our possession and retention of the command of the sea, not merely in the North Sea and the Mediterranean, but everywhere. . . . There was not a single German cruiser or merchant ship that could, or attempted to, sail over the sea of the world, simply because we had the largest naval command of the world."

Well, that has been said over and over again in this column, both during and since the war, but it is exceedingly satisfactory to learn that leaders of the "little navy" party are seized of the vital necessity for an adequate and efficient fleet.

Milestones of Education.

A.F.O. 1,080 gives the syllabus and arrangements for the professional and educational examination of the warrant supply officers for the fleet.

It has been interesting to compare the details of this modern examination for the warrant rank of store accounting officers with that laid down less than forty years ago for those who, at that time, were charged with the same duties; but in the latter case only as subsidiary employment to their proper functions.

The advance in educational status illustrates the constant progress which is characteristic of the Navy. There are still senior commissioned officers who, during entry examination consisted of a few sums in simple addition and multiplication, which qualified them as midshipmen, and at that period two of the three store-keeping officers had no test educational examination at all.

To ensure understandable accounts the rough books were copied in the ship's office, and only the "fair ledgers" went to the Admiralty.

Yet the officers responsible were the most experienced seamen, and most fully trusted in the fleet; and it must be added that much greater licence for errors was given by the store account examiners of those earlier days. But just as ship's equipment has been constantly more and more scientific, until H.M. ships are practically boxes of machinery, so the personnel of the fleet has kept pace by professional educational attainment until the ordinary seaman of to-day is a better scholar than many a midshipman of the past.

Barrack Stanchions.

Those naval ratings who are renowned for their success in avoiding foreign service and in getting to cushy jobs in the shore establishments at home, the rating so aptly designated "barrack stanchions," will be likely to "get the wind up" when A.F.O. 1,081 is displayed upon the notice boards.

There is set out a revision of the Drafting Regulations, which meticulously prescribe the duties of the rating in relation of sea and harbour service; and is distinctly designed to frustrate the "barrack stanchions" little game of hide and seek.

Here are a few of the rules:—

"No man entered from the shore is to remain in depot longer than is absolutely necessary for training."

Other ratings are to be drafted to sea duty in sequence on the "Longest at Home" roster.

Ratings are to be drafted for home service on return to depot after completing a full period of commission, or a minimum of 15 months served continuously at sea. After which service their names are to be placed at the bottom of the "Longest at Home" roster.

The division of service between home and sea is not to be applied rigidly in the case of younger men who have still to gain sea experience; and care is to be taken that all ratings are to receive a fair share of both.

Also, it should be arranged that two successive terms of sea service are to be earned out in vessels employed in home waters.

If these new rules be rigorously applied it will mean the abolition of what is at present one class of fleetmen: those who avoid, and those who generally perform, sea-going and foreign duty.

Qualifications of "The Doctor."

It has previously been mentioned in these notes that prior to 1870, the qualification requisite for an efficient ship's cook had no bearing on the culinary art, but that the individual was blind of outside of short of a lunatic.

This paradoxical position was due to the fact that by ancient usage all ships' cooks were supplied from among the apprentices of Greenwich Hospital. As these were of two varieties, very aged men, or those suffering from some disability, and as the former were ineligible, it followed that selection was made from the latter.

To this fact is attributable the almost universally bad reputation in which "The Doctor" of that day was held; for he, in general, spoiled more food than he prepared, and was also, in consequence, constantly practising of the art, the most accomplished swearer on board, being continually on the defensive from the ship's company on account of his misdeeds.

The movement for properly trained cooks for the fleet originated from the late compiler of these notes, Lt.-Com. T. Holman, R.N., to whom so many other reforms in the naval service is due. His problem ideas have been adopted in very many cases, but those with regard to the culinary art of the fleet have been brought to a high pitch of perfection, as witness the new test for officers' cook, 2nd class—who, in certain types of ships, cook also for the ship's company.

These are to undergo a course of instruction, and will be tested practically in preparing a score of dishes, savouries, entrees, remouades, cold sweets, jellies and creams, fruit compotes and preserves, cold meat cookery, fancy pastries, cakes and almond paste, also joss.

WAR MEDALS required—Write for particulars gratis.—MILNER, Strick, Kent.

SALUTING THE KING'S COLOUR.

SOME CONUNDRUMS.

ARMY NOTES: "Tommy Atkins."

ONE can see conundrum winding an endless path over rugged hills of ritual, regulations, and rights in connection with the alleged assault on a policeman by an officer of the Household Cavalry.

It is said that the policeman was conducting the traffic, but only one arm, and that not more than half a second, is required for the salute. The Colours salute the Majesty of the British nation.

In any case, the King himself salutes them, the Trooping of the Colours. Foreign royalties equally pay the highest of honours to our Colours, and I have seen the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, go on to a parade ground and salute the Colours with an ardour which was only equalled by that of the veteran Field-Marshal. It seems obvious that the policeman either forgot, or was hurried by the traffic, or perhaps he was thinking of the Metropolitan Police General Orders, which excuse a constable who is engaged in regulating the traffic from saluting commissioned officers of the fighting Services unless he is spoken to. The police regulation regarding saluting the King's Colour is surely a different matter; police officers of the highest rank are required to do this. According to an answer given by the Home Secretary in Parliament on May 10, police orders on the above points are at present under revision. No one doubts the need for revision—in the direction of unequivocal simplicity, in the interests of all ranks. But was this revision decided upon before the episode referred to above occurred? The point is of moment! Soldiers honour the Colour more than their lives. Are they wrong?

Still, it does raise a lot of old questions, including that pre-war conundrum as to whether policemen should be subject to military officers or not.

It was once contended that the subjection of the policeman to a military officer savours of martial law, and in this country the civil law is above the military. Still, it is so rare that the police are required to act under military officers, and during strikes both police and military have proved themselves so rich in common good-will and mutual helpfulness, that no serious feeling would be likely to be roused even if the police, most of whom are ex-officers and ex-soldiers, were to be required as a duty by law to salute military officers.

What a "Ranker" Says.

There is no denying the interest aroused by the Government's proposal to bring in a fresh Pensioners Bill to improve the lot of pre-war pensioners. At the same time, it has given rise to a whole crop of requests from other classes of pensioners for special consideration of their case. On the whole, one had better wait until the Government shows its hand.

Meanwhile, W. W., writing from Stratford-upon-Avon, says: "The Army column in 'The People' is very highly appreciated by the large number of 'ranker' officers and other ranks in this district. Quite a number of us meet at the Yeomanry Club and discuss what 'The People' is doing for us each week as regards pre-war pensions. I suggest that the fairest thing would be to reassess all the rates of those who have at least 21 years' service, according to A.O. 355 of 1919. Those who left the Service on modified pension and rejoined should be allowed to count war service to make up the full 21 years, and be reassessed accordingly. In all cases time served during the war should be allowed to count. The 'ranker' officer should have his pension increased by £40 for each year or part of a year for commencing service as a lieutenant, £45 as captain, £20 as major, and so on. This would compensate them for forfeiting their right to Meritorious Service Medal and £10 annuity, to say nothing of the loss of unemployment pay."

Postal Ex-Service Men.

The very interesting case of "Sutton v. Rex," whereby a postal telegraphist, named Sutton, won his appeal for war bonus in the House of Lords, has raised the question as to the rights of other postal servants who served in the war.

Sutton, the Civil Servants' Council during the war full civil Army pay and allowances, and had safe jobs in the R.F. On the other hand, thousands of postal servants, chiefly Army and Navy Reservists, Territorials, Volunteers of 1914-15, and Derby men, had seven days' Army pay deducted from their civil pay, as well as compulsory allotment (in the case of married men) of 5s. 6d. weekly from 1914-1917. Those who joined up in the trenches before anything had been done to make the trenches either safe or habitable. Naturally they are now asking why others only should benefit by the war bonus. Probably this case will have to be decided later on. And meanwhile, the chief plea of the Post Office Rifles is that they should be considered for the return of the 7s. weekly which was deducted from their postal pay.

The Canteen Question.

My recent remarks on canteen issues have brought in much interesting correspondence. The great point is clearly that members of an Institute Committee should occasionally, as in matters of immediate import, have the right to communicate direct with the Area Manager, N.A.A.F.I. instead of waiting for the next committee meeting.

I know of one particular case in which an Air Force Committee member produced most excellent results by writing direct to his Area Manager. As a rule, even trifling matters were put right by this means within less than 24 hours. In any case, I know that the canteen in question gave immense satisfaction to the troops.

Of course, all depends on whether the Area Manager is genuinely interested in the welfare of his troops. If he is, then if things are going well, and it will be unnecessary for committee members to adopt the, at present, not officially regular method of writing private notes. The alternative is to reorganise the Committee and ginger them up.

RUMOUR THAT RUINED A PROSPEROUS MAN.

MOBBED AND DRENCHED UNDER VILLAGE PUMP.

(SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE.")

A prosperous Fen country horticulturist, whose business was ruined through village opinion mistaking him for a German spy (on account of a German governess whom he employed for his children) has just been informed that a claim for £50,000 made on the War Office has been rejected.

He is Mr. J. W. Cunningham, who, before the war, was a very prosperous flower grower at Moulton, near Spalding, Lincolnshire. He sank a considerable amount of money in his business, erecting several large greenhouses for forcing bloom. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham are English, and as the latter had been educated in Germany she preferred to have German governesses for her children.

When the war broke out it appears that village opinion in Moulton turned against Mr. Cunningham on account of the presence of the German governess. The ready suspicion engendered by the German spy scare of 1914 caused some curious and groundless rumours to be circulated about Mr. Cunningham, situated, as he was, near the East Coast in the Fens.

In August Mr. Cunningham appeared before the magistrates at Boston for carrying a loaded revolver in the neighbourhood of Fosdyke Bridge. A few weeks later the military authorities saw fit to send a detachment of troops, accompanied by an officer, to search Mr. Cunningham's premises.

"We were compelled to stand in the road for several hours, under a sentry, while my house and grounds were searched," said Mr. Cunningham. "Meanwhile, the villagers jeered, and called us German spies, yet no proof was found that I was a German spy."

Apparently the action of the military authorities precipitated the strained feeling that existed between the Cunningham family and the villagers. The news that the house was being searched soon spread throughout the neighbourhood, and a large crowd collected on the road outside.

When the troops had left the village the crowd's attitude was somewhat threatening, and hard words disturbed the peaceful stillness of the shady lane outside Mr. Cunningham's house. In spite of this, Mr. Cunningham, accompanied by a French farm boy, strolled through the crowd into the village.

"You had better go home, others something may happen," advised a friend.

The presence of the French boy did not help matters. A scuffle then ensued with the crowd, and the village constable present was made to restore law and order. Mr. Cunningham defended himself with a long stick, which was seized and handed over to the police, as was discovered to be one of a pair which contains a sword.

The enraged crowd then seized Cunningham bodily and carried him to the pump by the village green. Mr. Cunningham was soon drenched to the skin. "You are half-killing me," he gasped for breath.

The only rejoinder made by the crowd was, "Let's have the other half," and the pump handle was again vigorously worked.

OFFICIAL DECISION.

The net result of this incident is that Mr. Cunningham today declares himself ruined man.

"My labourers left, and I could not replace them; even tradesmen refused to supply me; my business was ruined, and I had to flee from the district. Now I only have a few shillings left, but I shall fight on until I get justice," declared Mr. Cunningham.

Mr. Cunningham ascribes his trouble to the action of the military authorities in searching his premises. For this reason he filed a claim for £50,000 on the War Office. A decision on behalf of the War Office has been made.

"I have made inquiries and found that the case has received the careful consideration, both by the War Office and the War Compensation Court. The records show that no evidence has been produced which could prove that the loss alleged was due directly, or indirectly, to the search of this man's house in September, 1916."

"Under the circumstances, I am afraid no award of compensation can be made."

MARRIED 50 YEARS.

Journalist's Long Career at Coroners' Courts.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boddington, of 5, Kenbury-st., Camberwell, S.W., have just celebrated their golden wedding. Boddington is a well-known South London

journalist, and for 40 years has attended the various coroners' courts on the Surrey side of the Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Boddington, who were married at St. John's Church, Waterloo, S.W., on May 10, 1873, are both accomplished musicians. They have a family of four—one son and three daughters.

OLD COMRADES' CALENDAR.

"The People," which has for so many years championed the cause of Service and Ex-Service men, reserves this column for brief notices of forthcoming events in connection with Comrades' and Old Comrades' Associations. No charge is made.

Letters addressed Editor, "The People," 33, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, envelopes being marked "Calendar," should reach us not later than THURSDAY morning.

RECORD. All ranks, past and present, desired to send names to: 100, Victoria Road, S.W.1.

South London. Annual dinner, June 10, 7.30 p.m. at the Victoria Road, S.W.1. Tickets, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment).

North London. Annual dinner, June 10, 7.30 p.m. at the Victoria Road, S.W.1. Tickets, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment).

West London. Annual dinner, June 10, 7.30 p.m. at the Victoria Road, S.W.1. Tickets, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment).

East London. Annual dinner, June 10, 7.30 p.m. at the Victoria Road, S.W.1. Tickets, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment). Bookings, 4s. 6d. (includes dinner and entertainment).

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East London. Annual dinner, June 10, 7.30



# THE BIG HEART: MODERN STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE: By JOHN G. BRANDON.

## CHAPTER XV.—(continued).

He offered a friendly hand, and smiled upon the human whirlwind confronting him. There was a lot about the Honourable Bill he liked—that note in his voice rang vibrant with truth and love of his little girl—and well, if Ronny could put up with that much ugliness for life he reckoned he and Madelon would have to. The Honourable Bill gripped the proffered hand. "You'll not find anything to regret in me," he said simply.

Jacob J. nodded quickly, and released his hand without undue delay—his future prospective son-in-law's grip was a painful revelation.

"There's one thing," he observed, "if Ronny wants you—and says 'yes'—I'd get into a sort of ancestral armour before you confer with her mother. She—she's had her mind running on a duke for her daughter—and the Shannons were always rough losers."

"I'll do my best," said the Honourable Bill simply, "to convince her that I'll make Ronny happy." "You'll have a job," commented Mr. Schornhurst dubiously, "but get to it, boy, get to it. I wouldn't have it to do for you."

Taking a whimsical glance at the face of the Honourable Bill, the words froze upon Jacob's mouth; for the tall man was staring at some bedraggled, blood-soaked object tottering, swaying and stumbling blindly up the drive, and in his eyes was an expression of horror and alarm.

It was Old Punch. The dog, uttering heavy, wheezing pants, was blundering weakly on; obviously maintaining his feet by virtue of his inborn deathless courage. He was a pitiable object; a great gash across his skull from which a crimson stream still oozed, dripping across his one eye and blinding him. The white of his coat was dyed a dull red, caked dry by the heat and the dust of the road. He staggered on till by a little ornamental stream he dropped, gulping his fill greedily; then, panting heavily as he struggled to his feet and with tottering steps, struggled gamely on towards the house. One hind leg dragged limply behind him—broken.

With a shout the Honourable Bill rushed towards him, followed by the financier, whose face was livid to the lips. Old Punch heard the cry, tottered a few steps, then fell—the indomitable spirit willing—the torn and mangled body beaten.

"Paddy!" yelled the Honourable Bill.

Mr. Schornhurst, trembling in every limb, decried to keep pace.

"Oh, my God!" he uttered. "Oh, my God! What's happened to them! What's happened to them!"

"Courage," said the Honourable Bill.

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"Come," said Courtenay briefly, "they've made for Town. No no good our standing here. We'll settle with these dogs—once and for all."

Upon the Tilbury road a big closed car raced along at her highest speed. Inside, well hidden from the chance view of prying eyes, and in a condition of utter helplessness, bore a curious and singularly beautiful burden, which Mr. Devigne, leaning back at his ease, surveyed grimly.

"I think Mr. John Hammerden," he murmured pleasantly, "that again I win; and if to-night runs as smoothly as to-day, you will be finished, my rough-handed friend—quite finished. I'll have you where I want you."

CHAPTER XVI.  
A Conference a Deux.

"You can bet your sweet life on one thing, Joe," said Mr. Dargan, his voice coming faintly from the stack of pillows by which he was bolstered up, "that if those little old Bertillions you've got are Derrick H. Levington's, this game is on the grand scale. Derrick H. is no piker; he is out for the big stuff all the time. The other guy is not known, you say. Well, there's one of two of 'em have been creeping in, I find; I'll have a little round when I find this bed, and sound 'em up a bit."

"And you think that this 'Frankie' is your man, Poltarn the gunman?" Mr. Dargan considered for a moment. "Look at it all round, Joe. Poltarn is sure up against Blakeley—Bill. What for? He isn't the 'Frankie' of the deal—where do they join up? Search me. Blakeley doesn't know they've gotten off with the young lordling yet, does he?"

"No," answered Mr. Dobson. "I'm going straight on to Sunbury. I want to be there when he gets the news."

"It seems to me that there's a double game on," said Mr. Dobson. "That this Racedene business is only a part of the whole."

"I'm certain of one thing," declared Mr. Dargan, "and that's that my pal Bill is wise to the whole about whatever it is. This Courtenay guy, Paddy, as well. You say he's got away with that dame? What like was she?"

Mr. Dobson with great care described the appearance of the lady he had seen visit at "Claverings."

"Sounds like a breed," commented Mr. Dargan perplexedly. "But if they're

"Paddy!" yelled the Honourable Bill.

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## ETHEL M. DELL

BEGINNING ON  
JUNE 3

The People

Will publish in serial  
form Ethel M. Dell's  
splendid story,

GREATHEART

tration at the ceiling, Mr. Dobson, keenly alert, watching him.

"Royal was the name!" said Dargan suddenly. "Remember it striking me at the time how real British it was. Royal!"

"The boy's name is Royal," interjected Mr. Dobson eagerly. "Eric Royal."

"So was the murdered man," returned Dargan, "and the woman—the woman, he cried triumphantly, 'was Lona Howard—what hell!' he demanded of his memory. 'Lona Howard, got ya?'"

Mr. Dobson, not without excitement, drew his chair closer.

"This Lona Howard, Joe—she was my wife. I'd take my oath on that as I remember it!" echoed Mr. Dobson blankly.

"I'm sure of it," insisted Mr. Dargan; "but there was something to her—if I could only remember. He thought for some minutes, then shook his head wearily. No go, he murmured. 'Too far back, and I want on the job.'"

Mr. Dobson calculated rapidly: "Then if he was married to this Howard woman before," he paused, gazing at his friend, "Lady Racedene is not Lady Racedene and the boy—"

Mr. Dargan, watching him closely, inclined his head.

"They're both of 'em," he remarked shortly. "Both of 'em."

"And if this woman who's here is Lona Howard—Racedene's wife—and the boy is hers?"

Your Lady Racedene and her son can pack up and quit," added Mr. Dargan briefly. "You put your foot right fair in the middle of the game."

Mr. Dobson ran his hands through his hair.

"Did his wife—this Lona Howard—give evidence at the trial?" he asked.

"No—not that I can remember," was the answer.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Dobson.

"Funny, isn't it. Wife of an English nobleman, and all that."

Mr. Dargan looked at him queerly.

"Come to think of it, it is funny," he returned. "Dam funny. He lay still for a few minutes thinking. 'She didn't though, all the same.'"

"Why?" demanded Mr. Dobson bluntly.

"I don't know, Joe," answered Mr. Dargan, "but if you're dead anxious to, we'll soon find out. Get a piece of paper and take this down."

For over half an hour Mr. Dargan dictated and Mr. Dobson faithfully transcribed the most intricate and complex code in cypher it had ever been his lot to come across. When it was finally finished, the invalid inspected it and passed it all O.K.

"Now, Joe," he said, "when you go out cable that straight across. There'll be an answer from the Chief at Dallas some time to-morrow morning. You'll know then where you stand. So far as this Domenico guy is concerned, go you to the Mexico, find a little wisened guy of a waiter, name of Luis, drop Luis one flasher, don't me and tell him he's due at my bed of sickness forthwith. When I'm through with him I'll tell you all of this Domenico boy and his blue bus-car there is to know; but don't get near him, Joe. Don't cop the sparrows and scare the eagle away from the train. I'll get some of the funny coloured steers when we put the lid on that point."

Mr. Dargan, rolling along in the pleasant summer evening with his friend, Mr. Joseph Dobson, in the neat and unostentatious little four-seater, whose garage was very adjacent to Scotland Yard, was entirely in his element; and, therefore, despite slight inconvenience from his scarcely healed wound, was enjoying himself immensely.

The whole business was, in Mr. Dargan's opinion, propitious. He was away from that hospital; he was out in the fresh air; he was in harness; and upon business, best.

For the answering cable from the Chief at Dallas, Texas, corroborated by the Chief at Tombstone, Arizona, was to the very plain effect that the Lona Howard whom this lady purported to be was dead and buried. And that her infant son had not only assisted in this unfortunate demise, but had followed her out of a troubled world without due delay.

Who, then, was this American lady? Mr. Dargan wondered whether he should have the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with some old friend of that noble and jealously-guarded institution, The Barret at Mulberry Street; and if so, how would old Joe tackle her in his "interrogation?"

A hundred yards from Mr. Heggit's somewhat cluttered residence the car stopped.

Mr. Dobson and Mr. Dargan leisurely proceeded to walk around the exterior of the building, subjecting it to an extremely analytical inspection as they went.

"That's curious," whispered Mr. Dobson suddenly, peering beneath a heavily louvered window, high up in the wall, from which showed a sticky yellow light; "don't often see barring upon an upstairs window like that. About the first-floor landing—room off it, I should say."

"That's the bird-eye," answered Mr. Dargan confidently, "and a corking solid one it looks. Now we'll have a screw look at the birds."

A door opened with a startling suddenness, almost beside them, and a dirty yellow light shed a lambent ray upon their darkness.

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**SOME HINTS TO YOUNG PLAYERS.**  
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.-BY SIR JEREMIAH  
COLMAN, BART., PRESIDENT, SURREY C.C.

The young batsman and bowler—especially bowler—by assiduous practice and carefully following the instructions of his coaches, can develop a high standard of skill, and will enjoy the infinite pleasure of mastering a great subject—cricket is that—on that—and of helping his great old country out in a time of need.

The youngster may, perhaps, forgive us an "old timer" who has been an enthusiast all his life if he indulges in that popular pastime (some call it a vice) of dispensing unsolicited advice. The cricketer in the teens, that thrilling time when all is possible, should remember that skill must be acquired by devotion to the game, often involving the sacrifice of other pleasures. Skill cannot be merely inherited.

Even immortal brotherhoods like the Graces, the Fosters and the Studds all had to practice hour after hour and day after day to achieve fame.

Some modern youngsters, with a certain gift for the game, imagine that their superior position over the average player flows from the monotony of steady practice and the weariness of instruction. In short, success in cricket can only be earned or deserved by following the well-known path leading to success in all great ambition, perseverance and ability to grasp and take advantage of all opportunities which arrive.

**Secret of Success.**

I am glad to see that so much emphasis is now laid on the all importance of good fielding. Every match that is won or lost proves that the man who is right who claimed: "It is the best catchers and run savers who win."

How often have the Australians forced this point home on teams, selection committees and crowds.

The youngster, no matter how unimportant the game may be, should be from the first ball to the last all attention, and on his toes ready to dash after the ball.

Whilst the fieldsmen are peacefully dreaming at cover point or elsewhere the opportunity of missing a catch may be missed, four valuable runs may be added to the score sheet, the match lost and the culprit's reputation and popularity gone.

**OVAL CRICKET GUIDE.**  
The Wellesdon Press, Ltd., 108 and 110,  
Clarendon-rd., Holland Park, W., have just  
published an interesting handbook (price 3s.)  
entitled, 'The Oval Cricket Guide, 1933.'  
Everything concerning Surrey (statistics, re-  
cords, and players) is to be found within  
its pages.

**RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW**  
Intending exhibitors may be reminded that entries for the Richmond Royal Horse Show, with double fees, can be made on Monday. An outstanding feature of the year's entries is the number of new exhibitors that are coming to try their fortunes. There are reduced charges for admission and seats on the stands and lawn, especially on the first two days. Seats may now be

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**GRASSHOPPER  
OINTMENT**

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